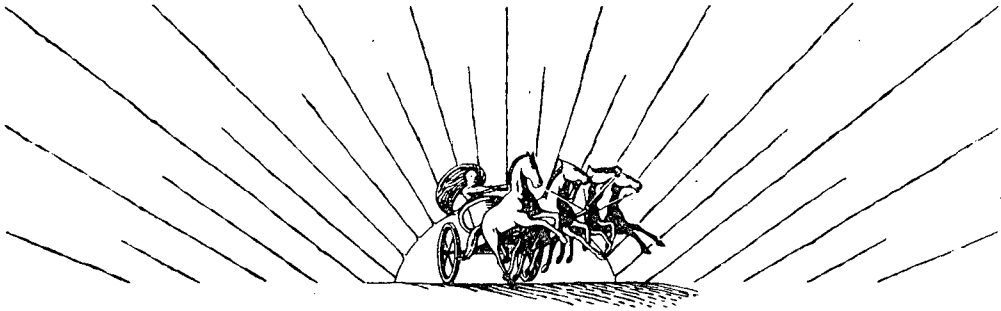

THE LIVING AGE

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THE GUIDE POST

WHAT was going on in the heads of those prelates in the red cars that took them to Chicago and back has puzzled many of us, and it is a commentary on something or other that we find the best statement of the Italian view in the much-maligned, because strictly censored, press of Italy. Only people who have visited that country can have any conception of how much they are concerned over our immigration policy — others will be rather surprised to hear a cleric going into such mundane matters at so great length. Also we glean that there are more problems in the ranks of American Catholicism than the Ku-Kluxer would have us believe. Here we have a franker discussion of the difficulties between the various nationalities in the Roman Church in America than would be likely to appear in our native press. The fact that it comes straight from Rome lends it a peculiar interest.

* * *

Professor Julian Huxley's version of the British Association meeting differs slightly from the accounts in the *Outlook* and the *Saturday Review*, and fundamentally from the more flippant picture of the scene reconstructed in Life, Letters, and the Arts from the more popular British press. Professor Huxley is a worthy grandson of Thomas Henry, and a brother of the literary Aldous. Both these young men were not related to the Arnolds and Mrs. Humphry Ward for nothing. Even to the driest scientific subject Professor Julian imparts a happy literary touch. Here he is more in the rôle of special pleader for Science, which, in spite of the nice things he says about it, is definitely on the defensive nowadays. But the inherent vulgarity of the mere search for facts, and its grotesque reflections in the popular mind, will probably prove a more formidable obstacle than all the Churches in Christendom.

* * *

From other sources we have printed other versions of the Boxer incident which do not let the Europeans down quite so easily as Mr. W. P. M. Russell does. As a participant in the fighting, he clearly knows what he is talking about, and his contribution would not appear in the conservative *National Review* unless it were sound as regards both patriotism and facts.

* * *

Another retired globe-trotter and adventurer, Lieutenant A. C. Sokol, recalls a more bloodthirsty if not less destructive group of fighters than the rebellious Chinese. He too writes for a conservative organ. It seems that the idea of white men distributing violent justice among their fellow creatures of shadier hue is just as popular among imperially reminiscent Central Europeans as among imperially minded Englishmen.

* * *

'Detectives in Fiction' is a leading article from the *Times Literary Supplement*, a weekly book-review periodical unrivaled in completeness in any part of the world. The book on which this essay is based can be purchased for the vast sum of eighty cents.

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THE LIVING AGE

VOL. 330 — *SEPTEMBER 18, 1926* — NO. 4289

A WEEK OF THE WORLD

Smiling Back at Mr. Kellogg

OUR Secretary of State was caught by the snapshotters of the foreign press waving a friendly hand toward Europe when he made his address at Plattsburg last month. His remarks were printed in summaries of varying length in the leading Continental journals, as a token of our amiability, if not of our generosity; and in Great Britain their reception was more than cordial. They were greeted by the *New Statesman* as the first important declaration on foreign policy Mr. Kellogg has made, and one eminently pleasing to the British public. *The Nation and the Athenæum* observed, 'It is many years since an American Secretary of State has ventured to express friendship for Britain in the emphatic and cordial terms adopted by Mr. Kellogg in his speech at Plattsburg,' and considered his 'careful statement on the disarmament problem largely in the nature of a rebuke to those who have been using the Geneva discussions as the basis for attacks on Britain in the American press.' The Conservative *Daily Telegraph* was not only gratified at the general tenor of the Secretary's remarks, but was especially pleased by his admonition that the Disarmament Conference must produce results. The Liberal *Westminster Gazette* said: 'A refreshing wind of hopefulness blows through the speech. . . . His warning that competition in armaments is the factor which, more than any other, leads to mutual distrust and fear, and is therefore the greatest threat to peace, is delivered in almost the same words as have been used by Viscount Grey. And since, in default of other pressure, the world outside America looks to the League of Nations to secure some measure of disarmament, it is encouraging to find Mr. Kellogg rebuking those Americans who belittle Geneva and all its works.'

But France, which notwithstanding her bankrupt treasury is suspicious of all disarmament proposals, and especially those from America, is exceedingly wroth at these suggestions. Pertinax declaims as follows in *L'Écho de Paris* against the Secretary's speech: 'No subject produces more excitement in the world of Methodist and Baptist chapels of fifty-seven varieties in the United States than disarmament

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These holier-than-thou people are so persuaded of the wickedness of other nations and their own virtue that they are delighted with any apostle who in the same breath demands a decrease of armaments in Europe and exalts the power of America. Mr. Kellogg has done that to a T.' The excited Frenchman then goes on to say that the Secretary's declarations 'strengthen the argument of all those in France who oppose ratifying the Mellon-Berenger debt accord; for America will clearly use, in support of her disarmament programme, every chance we give her to exert pressure upon us humble debtors.'

Economic versus Political Internationalism

By the time these lines are published we shall probably know what the secret diplomacy of the Powers has been able to accomplish during the summer in the way of solving the League Council controversy. Mussolini, who is represented, perhaps unjustly, as the *enfant terrible* of Europe, is said to dislike the League, and was at one time reported to be intriguing with Spain to multiply its present embarrassments. Other accounts had it that Mussolini was trying to encircle Germany with a Latin-Slav bloc which would keep her permanently out of the League. The recent treaty between Spain and Italy, which was at first conjectured to be a mysterious, secret document of malicious design, has been published in full in both the Italian and the Spanish papers, and appears to be an innocuous document. According to have reported, Spain would accept as a solatium for surrendering her claim to a permanent seat in the Council exclusive sovereignty over Tangier. But this was extremely distasteful to Great Britain, who does not want another Power facing Gibraltar from the best harbor on the other side of the Straits.

On the other hand, those who magnify economic influences in Europe's political line-up attach supreme importance to the present negotiations between France and Germany for a commercial treaty, and between their industrialists for a European steel cartel, to embrace not only the works of these two countries, but also those of Belgium and Luxembourg, and eventually of Czechoslovakia and Austria. Some think that these negotiations have an important bearing, at least indirectly, on the outcome at Geneva. Great Britain regards with alarm the prospect of such a cartel as likely to strengthen competition with her own ironmasters. The Italian press is even more hostile to the project, believing that such a trust could throttle at will her engineering industries. Indeed, *Messagero* declares that it would be 'the death' of Italy. This fear, that France and Germany may be drawn together by their common industrial interests, and as permanent members of the League Council form a sort of politico-economic alliance to rule Europe, may influence in some degree the sentiment, if not the votes, of certain Powers at the present Geneva session.

Humanité, the Paris Communist organ, insists that the steel combination now slowly taking shape is really financed by Wall Street, and is one more device of American financiers to subjugate the Continent and to checkmate the British, their great rivals. With admirable catholicity in selecting its authorities, this Bolshevist journal appeals to Talleyrand's prophecy that the United States will eventually sow fatal seeds of discord in Europe. The self-contradictory schemes of our money-magnates are supposed to centre in an effort to forestall the

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formation of a bloc of debtor nations under the leadership of Great Britain. By fathering a Continental steel trust they will cripple British industry, cause dismay in Italy, create new and fatal breaches in the League, and ring in other changes in the European pandemonium. Quite a little job for Uncle Sam in his rôle of Machiavelli!

A much soberer tocsin of alarm is sounded by the London *Statist*. After describing how our captains of industry find themselves since the war with 'too many dollars and too few orders,' and how they are using the former to revive European trade in order to multiply the latter, this journal says: 'It has only just dawned upon the business world that the aims of the Americans, in capturing the great industries of Europe, have a significance of an epoch-making nature in the trade balances of the world.' We are credited with 'aims, but ill-concealed, to obtain possession of the entire raw mineral wealth of the Continent.' Our people have not only obtained a virtual monopoly of the manganese and zinc output of Europe, but our capital 'in one way or another figures so largely in the newly created German steel trust that, according to the opinion of most people, it owns at a conservative reckoning three fourths of the whole — it might easily be more.' But our invasion has not stopped there. 'By daring and quite unexpected Bourse manœuvres, the powerful Standard Oil Company of New Jersey is reported to have come into possession of a majority of the newly created German Dyes Trust shares.' Added to this is the reported contract between the Standard Oil Company and the Russian Naphtha Syndicate in Baku for the organization of a Russian-American Petroleum Company with a preliminary investment on the part of our capitalists of over twenty-five million dollars. The new company has the right to work practically every productive oil field in Russia, including those newly discovered north of Leningrad, which are said to have an area of over fifteen hundred miles.

To be sure, this attempt to engross the natural resources of Europe, while not inspired by altruistic motives, has possible salutary aspects: 'The "American Invasion" is so directed as to obtain control over all possible raw mineral products. Of manganese and zinc they may be said to have already obtained a monopoly at Katovitz, in Polish Silesia, and Chiaturi, in the Caucasus. In Baku they have obtained a larger proportion of the European petroleum yield, for with the adoption of up-to-date machinery and methods it can readily be understood how greatly augmented the output will be. And the same applies to the other properties. For example, in the case of the Harriman group's vast zinc purchase at Katovitz the purchasers are called upon forthwith to invest ten million dollars in refitting the mines upon, as the contract reads, "up-to-date and latest American methods." Much the same kind of clause exists in regard to the Chiaturi manganese fields. In that case three million dollars is, by the terms of the contract, to be invested in the "Americanization of the works"; further, a railroad to Poti has to be built, American elevators erected along the quays of Poti, and that harbor improved and modernized. It will thus be noted that not only are the Americans investing capital, but likewise largely augmenting European output, and thereby, let us suppose, creating broader markets.'

This takes us a long way from the negotiations at Geneva, but in a way it illustrates how difficult it is to disentangle economic and political factors in the present stage of world evolution.

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The League's centre of gravity will probably coincide pretty closely with the world's economic centre of gravity, although the fact may not be visible on the surface and politicians may ostentatiously ignore it.

Cotton Competition in India

NOT long ago the Bombay Mill Owners' Association petitioned the Government of India for a differential tariff on Japanese cotton yarn and cloth, to be continued until Japan ratifies the Washington Labor Convention and ceases to run her mills double shifts and to employ women at night. Most of the spinners and many of the weavers in Japanese factories are women and children — especially peasant women recruited from the farms and boarded in establishments controlled by the companies, much as New England farmers' daughters were recruited one hundred years ago for the mills at Lowell. On the other hand, the Bombay mills are operated mainly with adult male labor and run only during the daytime. The Government refused to approve the Bombay petition, but the question raised is interesting as one of the first instances where serious industrial rivalry has arisen between two Oriental countries. Chinese cotton mills, it is true, compete with those of Japan in the Chinese market, and this competition had an influence upon the attitude of both countries in the recent Tariff Conference. But the Shanghai mills are largely owned by Japanese, whose great spinning corporations thus straddle the international boundary. Furthermore, the spinners of all three countries are united by a sentimental community of interest in resisting the competition of Europe and America.

Few people realize the extent to which the industrial development of the Far East is falling into the hands of its own people. The Chinese are taking the tin business of the Straits Settlements away from the English; the rubber plantations of Sumatra are becoming the property of wealthy Malays; and India, China, and Japan have already built up modern textile and engineering industries of some importance. The colored peoples of the Orient, in a word, are trying to liberate themselves not only from the political tutelage but also from the economic dominion of the white man.

Although Japan raises no cotton and India does, she can manufacture cheaper than her competitor, and is driving the products of the Hindu and the Parsi mill owners of Bombay, not only from the Persian Gulf market, but also from India itself. While her labor costs are lower, her spinners receiving only about thirty-seven cents for an eleven-hour day, other elements also account for this. Her mills are better organized, equipped, and managed. A German correspondent, writing in *Vossische Zeitung*, makes this comparison of the industrial efficiency of the two countries: 'I have visited cotton mills in Bombay, and I have just seen a number of those in Osaka. The mills in Japan are much cleaner and more sanitary than the sheds, filthy with betel-nut spit, where the Hindus work. Every large Japanese factory has a restaurant where the employees can get three good meals for four or five cents each. Many factories have their own up-to-date hospitals. The dormitories of the unmarried employees, and the little cottages of the married help, are quite up to the average accommodations in that country. Intercourse between managers and workers is courteous. No Japanese would stand for a moment the rough treatment which is customary in India. On the other hand, Japanese wages are

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from a quarter to a third lower, and their working day is from one to two hours longer, than in India. On the whole, I should prefer to work in a Japanese factory rather than in an Indian factory, and I should far prefer this to working in a Chinese factory. Japan's six million spindles can compete at an advantage with the seven million spindles of India, not only because wages are lower and the working day is longer in Japan, but because India's mill managers are unreliable, her cotton brokers are often dishonest, and her selling houses charge very high commissions. Osaka, in a word, is a more efficient industrial city than Bombay.'

Australasian Issues

A CURIOUS change of attitude toward states' rights has occurred in Australia between the Labor Party and its opponents. Twenty years ago the Laborists favored increasing the power of the Commonwealth, because they thought that they would wield more influence in the Central Parliament, where both Houses were elective, than in the state parliaments, the members of whose Legislative Councils were appointed, and often held their seats for life. To-day Labor controls five of the six state governments, and has abolished or greatly curtailed the privileges of the upper branches of their legislatures; but the Nationalists are in power at Melbourne. This change of front is of immediate importance for two reasons. In Australia the Commonwealth collects the customs revenues, as the Federal Government does in the United States, but it returns part of the receipts to the states. It now wishes to use all these revenues for its own purposes and to grant the states, as compensation for their quotas, exclusive right to other indirect taxes, like that upon incomes. The Labor politicians at Brisbane, Sydney, Hobart, Adelaide, and Perth will hear nothing of this, for they have ambitious enterprises in hand that demand big appropriations. Western Australia, moreover, is particularly hard hit financially by the decline of gold-mining.

A second issue affecting the relations of state and Central Government is the proposed referendum to grant wider industrial powers to the Commonwealth. Ten or twenty years ago such a project would have had the support of Labor, which opposes it to-day because state industrial arbitration courts and minimum wages boards have granted better terms to workers than has the Federal tribunal. Conflicts of jurisdiction between the two are a source of constant friction. Here again big employers and the financial interests are backing the Central Government, while the workers champion states' rights men. Commenting upon this situation, the Melbourne *Stead's Review*, which is Liberal-Radical in its sympathies, explains that relations between employer and employee have undergone many changes during the quarter of a century since industrial arbitration was enacted, and that through the 'medium of round-table consultations, wages boards, and compulsory conferences a saner attitude is being adopted toward all matters which concern industrial progress. In some trades this understanding has been carried so far that the talk of strike has long been abandoned.' Consequently Labor is jealous of any change likely to curtail the functions of the state wages boards. In fact, 'there is a growing feeling among all classes that the development of this principle — by which both sides, fully equipped with the necessary knowledge, can be brought together in a discussion — is much

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more likely to produce a satisfactory solution than an appeal to purely legal tribunals lacking all necessary knowledge of industry.'

Mr. Bruce's controversy last year with the Labor Premiers of the states, when he tried to break up the seamen's strike by the strong arm of Federal laws, also explains Labor's opposition to his proposals. Still another reason for trade-union opposition to extending the authority of the Commonwealth Arbitration Court is the fact that cases before it are adjudicated by judges with life tenure, who are independent of parliamentary control. Official sentiment among the workers was indicated by the vote of one hundred and forty-four to ten at the last All-Australian Labor Congress against the proposed changes.

Stead's Review also advises states in need of funds to follow New Zealand's example in respect to public fire insurance and government trusteeships. 'The State Fire Insurance Office in New Zealand, after providing a bonus rebate to insurers of £22,005, showed a net profit of £31,131 and possesses accumulated profits of over half a million. This condition exists notwithstanding an original reduction of premiums amounting to ten per cent on trade risks and thirty-three and one-third per cent on dwellings, which, together with rebates and bonus payments, has constituted a saving to the public of about £4,000,000. Similar results have been obtained in Queensland. The general insurance business of the Government, apart from fire, also shows remarkable development in the Dominion. The accumulated funds now total nearly six and a half million pounds. A similar result is recorded in connection with the Public Trust office, which, with a largely expanding business and despite the enormous amount of public service of an unprofitable character charged against it, yielded a net profit of £90,522 for 1925, and subsidiary savings amounted probably to another £10,000. Thus from two sources alone — namely, insurance and trusteeship — the Dominion reaped a direct profit of over £120,000, besides securing substantial economies in administration of other public services.'

UNCLE SAM IN EUROPEAN CARICATURE

As Pantagruel
—*Il Travaso*, Rome

As Shylock
—*Haagsche Post*, The Hague

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A EUCHARIST PILGRIM ON AMERICA[1]

BY SILVIO D'AMICO

At the opening of the Eucharist Congress the Archbishop of Chicago, Cardinal Mundelein, felt called upon to explain that the purpose of the great gathering was not to glorify either men or institutions, no matter how august, but solely the triumph of Christ in the Holy Sacrament. Nevertheless, since the ceremony of the Eucharist is typically Roman Catholic, the Congress has been, in addition to a world-wide homage to the Holy Sacrament, a triumph of the Catholic Church, and especially of the American Church.

Many explanations have been advanced for this remarkable event — an event the more remarkable because it occurred with the benevolent approval of non-Catholics. Each of these explanations may contain its particle of truth. Those who stress merely surface facts say that the average American, whose Protestant faith denies him colorful religious rites and ceremonies, has been delighted with the pomp and purple and the solemn ritualism which he has witnessed. Such men reduce the Congress to a beautiful performance which, because it was held at Chicago, attracted two million spectators instead of the two thousand that it would have brought together at Genzano or Rocca di Papa. Then there are the skeptics, who have figured the thing out in dollars and cents, and tell you that when an occasion brings a million strangers to a town, each of whom probably spends on an average a hundred dollars, the business man, whether a Protestant or a Jew, will hang out the white and yellow banner to welcome them. These men estimate that the Congress during its five days' session brought a hundred million dollars into the Illinois metropolis. Politically minded people, in their turn, will tell you that non-Catholics felt it their duty to do all they could to make a success of the Congress because it asserted the high standing the American National Church has acquired in the great family of churches which face toward Rome; and they will dilate at length on the influence that the United States is destined to exercise over Europe through the medium of this great spiritual agency. One also meets people who attribute the happy outcome of the Congress to the good nature of the Americans, among whom a spirit of religious toleration is a long-standing tradition, notwithstanding the aberrations of some violent sectarian minorities. They ascribe this spirit of tolerance to the most diverse causes, ranging from purely mercenary economic motives to the highest idealism. Some, indeed, argue that, whatever its origin, this breadth of mind is really a symptom of religious indifference, — the worst evil of all, — and contend that at a time when the whole nation is lapsing into pagan materialism religious people, regardless of sect, welcome any occasion that emphasizes the importance of spiritual things.

Speaking as a European getting his

[1] From *La Tribuna* (Rome Fascist daily), *July 27, August 3*

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first impressions of America, I have been surprised to discover that the Y. M. C. A., for example, which we Italians think of as an agency of violent anti-Romanist Methodism, is here actually nonconfessional, and that good Catholics are enrolled among its members. I have also noticed that the Salvation Army, whose bass drums and big horns seem so comical to our Latin eyes, is doing a great work here redeeming the riffraff of society, and leading its fallen ones back not only to honest paths of conduct but also to their lost spiritual faith, which may be Catholic. In a word, I have found Catholics, Protestants, and Jews working shoulder to shoulder for moral and at least quasi-religious objects.

Let me avoid, however, the indiscreet presumption of many European writers who, with the scantest possible knowledge of the literature, the economic conditions, the laws, and the customs of the United States, set up as judges of the country on the strength of a hasty visit to a few of the larger cities. I confess that as I have traveled about I have alternated between quite opposite impressions. Some things have attracted me and others have repelled me. I am fascinated by the very tremendousness of this material civilization; and yet I feel satiated, and almost nauseated, by the very excessiveness of its purely physical well-being. I constantly ask myself whether I am surrounded by the superabounding energy of youth, or by a fictitious rejuvenation of Old World decadence. When I read the elementary and almost diagrammatical American newspapers that provide the daily mental food of this vast population; when I watch Americans laughing with delight at the simplest and silliest episodes of the plays to which they flock in crowds; when I observe the pleasure they take in ingenuous sentimentalism, in purely scenic effects; when I reflect on their juvenile delight in sports and physical games — I sometimes feel as if I were dropped down in a world of big, innocent, good-natured children. Their addiction to hard work, their good faith in business, their tireless search for new things in applied science, their imperturbable optimism, the readiness with which they respond to anything that appeals to their energies or to their pocketbooks, produce the impression of a robust and youthful race to whom God has given two inestimable gifts — a land abounding in natural wealth, and a Government without historical traditions which leaves the individual free to pursue his own welfare — the only Government in the world that proclaims in its fundamental law the right of the citizen, not only to liberty, but also to happiness.

Yet when I reflect on other characteristics of these same people which are symptomatic of advanced decadence — such as their passion for dancing, professional athletics, and unintellectual entertainments of every kind — I am brought to a pause. I hear incredible accounts of corruption in public life, of politicians who serve financial interests instead of principles, of sexual immorality to which the free manners of the people afford so much encouragement. I speculate, therefore, with considerable reserve upon what is ahead for a young country where family ties, at least in the larger cities, are becoming nonexistent, and where each individual seems to live for himself alone. Sometimes I suspect that this Government, which professes to be only a policeman, utterly lacks ethical principles; that this frenzy for work is inspired merely by greed for money, considered the only mark of power; that even the abounding generosity of American philanthropists is not inspired by Christian charity, is not an evidence of

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self-sacrifice, but is merely a demonstration of self-advertising materialistic humanitarianism.

Of course, one hears on every hand vigorous denunciations of this lack of moral stamina. It is the constant theme of the preachers of all Christian confessions, who make a sort of religious chaos of the country. Clergymen and statesmen constantly invoke the Deity; but you get the impression that He is a purely pragmatical deity, a helpful hypothesis in dealing with the things of this world. You see new churches rising on every corner, but their steeples do not reach the sky-line; tall temples of business hide them. They do not tower above the habitations of men like shepherds over a flock, as churches do in Europe, but cower humbly at the feet of the skyscrapers.

I am told that American priests do not esteem very highly the Italians in their flocks, considering them less instructed in religious matters and less regular church attendants than the Irish, the Poles, the Spaniards, and the Yugoslavs. Italian immigration to America reached its maximum at a time when our land was rent asunder by a bitter conflict between its religious and its national conscience. So the Italians in America, who wished to preserve the memory of their fatherland, organized associations which they called lodges, although they were not Masonic, which they named after such men as Bovio or Giordano Bruno. They did not follow their priests with the same religious and patriotic devotion which the Irish and the Poles, for example, feel toward those of their nationality. Nevertheless the Italian clergy, with a few unfortunate exceptions, are excellent and devoted men, who almost without encouragement from the Government at home, have devoted themselves for years to promoting both the religious and the national welfare of the Italians in America.

Happily a new spirit, sprung from our victory and from the labors of those who have given that victory value, has now seized our sons across the Atlantic, and is causing both a national and a religious renaissance among them. When the Italian in America opens his morning newspaper he finds there a picture of Mussolini, or an article about Italy calculated to make him esteem his country. He is no longer ashamed of the land he has left, which but yesterday was associated in his mind with privation and poverty. He is now proud, and justly so, of belonging to a nation which makes him the equal — and the superior — of immigrants from other parts of Europe.

Simultaneously the Italian in America has discovered another thing, which never dawned upon him in the days of anticlericalism — that Italy is the country where resides the highest spiritual authority in the world, an authority which rules the greatest empire in existence — the empire of the Pope. A few weeks ago he saw the traffic of the greatest cities in America stop to do honor to the Legate of Rome. He has learned that the Italy of to-day no longer prides herself on Imbriani, Cavallotti, or Bovio, but that she hangs the crucifix in every schoolroom, and has made the anniversary of Saint Francis a great national holiday. Whom does he hear speak Italian in America? The bishops and prelates who come from Rome and who have studied there. Where does he find the most photographs and prints of the great monuments and beautiful scenery of Italy, the homeland of Catholicism? In the religious houses. And who among all the bishops and cardinals regularly represents the supreme authority of the Pope? An Italian, the Apostolic

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delegate Monsignor Fumasoni Biondi.

Yet we must not deceive ourselves into imagining that the Italians as yet occupy an important position in American Catholicism; nor that it will be easy for them to acquire that position. In the first place, Italian Catholics in America have not yet persuaded the higher prelates that they are not indifferent in matters of religion, materialists, and perhaps anticlericals. The higher officials of the Church, even if American born, are nearly all of Irish descent. Our immigration is too recent to have produced American bishops of Italian blood. Consequently Italian priests, even where they are numerous, — as in New York, where there are fifty Italian parishes, or about as many as in Rome, — are subordinate to ecclesiastics of another race who are not always favorably disposed toward them. Worse still, in some cities where the Italians are very numerous the Irish bishops have no Italian priests. So it happens that thousands receive no spiritual instruction, on account of their ignorance of English — a situation from which the Protestants profit by sending among them missionaries who know their tongue.

No one would dream, of course, of suggesting political absurdities in a country like the United States, especially in a matter as delicate as this one. But the Irish themselves are a conspicuous example of how a race can preserve through several generations its affection for the country of its origin and still be loyally American. One public man in the United States has declared that this is not only possible but desirable — 'A man cannot be a good husband and hate his mother.'

But what of to-morrow? The drastic immigration law strikes at both Catholicism and Italy. It strikes at Catholicism because the countries whose quotas have been most heavily reduced are in many cases Catholic countries. This is especially true of Italy. Churchmen hope to compensate themselves for this by increasing the number of conversions among the non-Catholic population. That will be difficult, but not absolutely impossible. But how are we to preserve the Italian tradition among the sons and the grandsons of the old immigrants? These sons and grandsons do not possess the advantage of the Irish, who live in a land where their own language is constantly spoken. They must perforce learn a new idiom. In view of the radical reduction of native Italians who go to America every year, how shall we keep touch with our expatriated population?

Some intelligent observers suggest a defensive alliance, under the auspices of Rome, to include American Catholics of all nationalities. Belonging, as they mostly do, to the humbler ranks of society, Catholics have motives for uniting in order to hasten their ascension in the social scale. But the Irish are already ahead of the others. They stand in front because they are Americanized. Will they be willing to step down and range themselves beside the Germans, the Italians, the Poles, and the others?

Surely this is a problem to occupy the attention of the Holy See. While encouraging that loyalty toward American institutions which all the people here sincerely profess, she cannot permit too abrupt an Americanization. Americanization — that is, a religion overexternal, inclined to substitute forms for faith, mechanical, overtolerant, and dangerously schismatic — can be restrained and disciplined, as innumerable examples in the history of the Church prove, only by the vital and yet moderating teaching and the universal vision that are the peculiar fruits of our providential Latin wisdom.

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A YEAR OF SCIENCE

APROPOS OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION MEETING

[We print below three articles written on the occasion of the Oxford meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, which are in their ensemble a symposium upon the recent progress of scientific thought and its present attitude toward several fundamental questions. The first is by Professor Julian Huxley, and appeared in the *Spectator* of August 14; the second and the third respectively are from the *Saturday Review* and the *Outlook* of the same date.]

I. THE ASSOCIATION MEETING

No reports of outstanding discoveries were made at the British Association meeting this year, but their absence was counterbalanced by the high standard of interest of many of the communications and by the unusually large number of general discussions and summaries of recent advances. Another feature of this year's meeting is the stress laid upon the application of science, not merely to commerce and industry, but to our national and imperial life. This aspect was fittingly symbolized in the Prince of Wales's acceptance of the presidency of the Association, and crystallized in his inaugural address. What is more, not only is thought thus tending toward the social and national application of science, but greater stress is being laid upon the value of scientific method *per se* as well as upon particular products of applied science. In other words, it is at last being realized that there is a real method of science which is of practical value in administrative, social, and political problems, as well as in the realms of physics or chemistry or biology. This method consists in the amassing and publication of evidence, and in the constant verification of opinions by reference to the touchstone of the facts. There will always remain innumerable problems on which decisions must be taken on the balance of competing or incomplete evidence; and in these realms our statesmen and administrators will always need all the intuitive faculties with which they are endowed. The task of science is to relieve the man of intuitive and executive ability of much of his burden by reducing the field in which the intuitive decision is necessary, and making it possible to use the resources of trained skill and scientific certainty. This, of course, has been from the earliest times one of the main practical functions of science. The compass, chronometer, and nautical almanac are far less fallible than any intuitive 'sense of direction.' No possible extension of the personal and incommunicable dexterity of Wilhelm Tell, for instance, would have permitted the successful aiming of a big gun at a target a dozen miles away.

Sir Thomas Holland, in his presidential address to the Education Section, spoke of the value of the history of science as an instrument for bringing vividly before the mind of the average boy or girl the part which scientific thought and scientific method had played in the history of ideas and the

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development of modern civilizations. Professor Graham-Kerr's presidential address to the section of Zoölogy was concerned with the rôle which biology could and should play in general education; and Dr. Charles Singer and Professor Desch have stressed similar points of view.

The truth is that the educated public is becoming alive to the fact that science has revolutionized the basis of our thought and altered our whole outlook upon the world, and that we must alter our practice of education accordingly. Broadly speaking, there exist two main competing *Weltausschauungen* in current thought — that which, however modified, is a survival of the religious-philosophical outlook of the later Middle Ages, and another more realist system of which different partial manifestations have been the humanism of the Renaissance, the rationalism of the eighteenth century, and the modern scientific outlook. However, it is only in very recent years that this system could become even approximately complete. Before Darwin it could not take in the realm of living things; before the rise of psychology it could not link up with the study of mind; before the rise of anthropology and sociology, human behavior and human institutions were beyond its grasp. The Renaissance humanism was incomplete because it took little account of science; the eighteenth-century rationalism had not yet understood the limitations of reason; and the scientific philosophy of the late nineteenth century was seeking to compress all phenomena into the categories prescribed by physics and chemistry.

The remedy is what we may call scientific humanism — to base our practice on the facts of science, to advance our knowledge by the methods of science, but to adopt a humanistic scale of values, in which both the limitations and the highest potentialities of the human spirit are taken into account.

But I must have done with these general impressions in order to mention a few of the points of special interest which I have been able to come across in these crowded days. Professor H. F. Osborn, the veteran palæontologist of New York, talked interestingly of evolutionary science to-day and in Darwin's time. He pointed out how quite enormously our knowledge had increased, and emphasized the fact that workers along all lines of approach, fossil-hunters, systematists, and Mendelians, were arriving at the firm conclusion that evolution was a gradual process and that it usually continued for long periods in particular directions.

Physics, as Sir William Bragg confessed, still finds itself unable to effect a reconciliation between the quantum theory and the classical theories of radiation: sometime in the near future we must expect a great new synthesis in this most fundamental of the sciences.

Plant and animal inheritance was much to the fore. Dr. Hislop Harrison exhibited his remarkable specimens of true-breeding dark types of moths, produced as 'induced mutations' by treatment with the salts of heavy metals in their food. It is along these lines that the old-fashioned Lamarckism will develop, to become reconciled with modern genetics. The botanists, in their discussion of the comparatively recent discovery of sex-cromosomes in plants, revealed that the sex-determining machinery of plants with separate sexes is in all essentials the same as that of higher animals and of man.

Sir Jagadis Bose gave an animated lecture to a crowded audience on his experiment on the conduction of impulses in sensitive plants, on the sap-pumping mechanism of plants, and on the effects of poisons and stimulants on

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their activities. His instruments of precision and his experimental facts are remarkable; but it is rather a pity that he generalizes so freely. It does not yet seem clear that the mechanism which conducts stimuli in mimosa is really similar in essentials to the animal nervous system; and it is quite certain that, even if every one of Sir Jagadis's experiments concerning sap-ascent is confirmed, the pumping mechanism is something very different from any known animal heart. Yet he has proclaimed the identity of nervous and circulatory mechanisms in the two kingdoms.

Especially interesting were the addresses and discussions concerned with the impact of European civilizations and methods upon primitive peoples. How many stay-at-home folk knew that writing, save for a slight infiltration from the Mohammedan areas to the north, was unknown to the Central African?

The Oxford meeting marks an important epoch in the history of the British Association, by its clear trend away from the detailed and overspecialist character of most recent meetings, and by linking science more firmly with national development in all its aspects.

II. VULGARIZED SCIENCE

ONCE a year the British public becomes scientific. The occasion is the meeting of the British Association; the time of year, that which used, in rude Victorian days, to be known as the silly season. Stimulated by a daily press which knows how to separate the grain from the chaff in verbatim reports of the Association's proceedings, the public becomes passionately interested for a while in questions put at the Association but smacking rather of domestic debate in a family whose members are improving themselves. It sees with enthusiasm the concentration of the most illustrious scientific minds of the age on the problem of why a hen crosses the road, or on that of how man, once 'a blue-behinded ape skipping on the trees of paradise,' got rid of his hairy hide. With ardent eyes it watches the graceful manœuvres by which religion, when purified of the miraculous, is reconciled with science, when doped with the new spiritualism. And so on, and so forth. Till at the end of a week it is left with two main convictions, both very comforting — the conviction that the master minds of science are actuated by much the same curiosities as move the plain man, and the conviction that humanity is on the verge of mastering the final mysteries.

Now the universe may have been brought into existence solely for some ethical purpose, or it may have been created because the divine intelligence had the need so to apprehend itself, or there may be some explanation of it beyond human conception or conjecture, but it is pretty safe to assume that it was not willed in order that the *Tit-Bits* mind might be amused. In so far as the British Association, as interpreted by a large portion of the press, permeates our people to the contrary belief, it does no good service. To be sure, we live in a democratic age, and it may be contended that an exhibition of the commonplace texture and trivial inquisitiveness of the scientific mind, when playing to the gallery and subedited by really bright journalists, helps to bridge over those unfortunate gaps that still persist between a first-rate intellect strenuously developed and a tenth-rate intellect which has seldom been exercised. Performing rats and speculations about prehistoric depilatories may be held to be useful as bringing together on the same level the man in the laboratory and the man at the back of the bus. But there are

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several things more desirable than the illusion of community in intellectual interests. It is desirable that science should be kept outside the sphere in which everything is judged by its stunt value, lest the relative importance of scientific inquiries come to be determined by consideration of how far they provide copy for popular papers and topics for conversation. It is desirable also that people should be saved from forming a conception of science according to which it will be starved where it is dependent on public funds, unless it is promising discoveries which the man in the street can appreciate. Further, it is desirable in this age that people should be shaken out of the expectation that science no less than the State has some dole up its sleeve, and can be so applied as to enable the idle and the perverse to enjoy conditions of life which only the sustained efforts of a sane and industrious society can establish.

In some ways it may be good for the public once a year to revel in the sensation of progress, but progress remains to a great extent an illusion. One of the very greatest conservative intellects of the nineteenth century happened to be that of a man devoted to a church which has made higher and wider claims of an earthly character for Christianity than any other. But Coventry Patmore, with that excellent courage of his, argued that on the whole Christianity had not resulted in progress, and in one of his poems he likened progress, with deadly truth, to the heaving and hurrying yet ultimately unprogressive movement of an agitated sea. However much science may have done and may be destined to do for us, humanity, of the British as well as all other varieties, will be limited in progress by that which science cannot touch and which religion itself has on the whole so little and so temporarily affected. The question how man lost his ape's hide is a good deal less urgent than the question how he is to lose his ape's mind and heart. In many respects we are not becoming a more civilized people. We have, for instance, developed a class jealousy on the one hand and an indifference to the less material obligations of social position on the other which are deplorable. We are losing, if we have not already lost, dignity in those discussions which a national life governed by public opinion requires. There is something petty and shrill and common not only in some of our Parliamentary wrangles but, to speak of matters nearer to the heart and more comprehensible by the mind of the people, in argument over the captaincy of a test-match team. And if anyone thinks we are nearer to acquiring the scientific temper, let him look at what the British Association and the popular press between them have provided during the last few days. Not that serious and valuable utterances have been lacking at Oxford. After the admirable presidential address by the Prince of Wales, there have been many truly suggestive discussions. But these have not excited anything like the general comment aroused by the trivial and fantastic contributions made to the proceedings by our scientific entertainers.

III. SCIENCE AND RELIGION

THE Oxford meeting of the British Association naturally recalls the historic controversy of 1860, and rather smug comparisons have been drawn between the Tennysonian England of two generations ago and the Tennesseian America of to-day. This side the Atlantic, no doubt, the lapse of time has helped to clear thought and to break down prejudice. In a sense, however, the conflict between science and religion continues, and will forever continue. Only some fundamental

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change in the quality of the human mind can resolve the antinomy between those who hold that there is no knowledge other than that derived by reason from material presented to the senses and those for whom the supreme knowledge consists in a mystic intuition of harmony between mankind and the Power that animates the universe.

The change has been in the terms in which the conflict is stated. Experience has taught both science and religion where their strength lies. Both have somewhat narrowed their field, with the result that their respective spheres no longer overlap, and for the first time, perhaps, since Aquinas accomplished a synthesis of faith and reason it is possible for a man to be both a philosopher and a Christian. To perceive this it is only necessary to recall the actual formulas of the Darwinian controversy. It was claimed by the scientists of the sixties that the evolutionary hypothesis made nonsense of the argument from design which had been evolved in support of the first chapter of Genesis. These marvelous adaptations of organism to environment were the result, not of beneficent special creation, but of the operations of a blind force; and God had been pushed out of the picture. To-day the biologists state their case in very different language. What Darwin called spontaneous variation remains an insoluble mystery into which biology hardly attempts to pry. Its concern is with a process, with the means by which a permanent relation is established between two unstable factors, the living thing and its local setting.

The change of standpoint has been aided by the recent shift of the stream of scientific progress from the channel of biology to the channel of physics. The physicist apprehends his problem in such a way that it never occurs to him, in his scientific capacity, to ask whether he is a materialist or not. He does not only study facts. He studies relations. He knows nothing at all about the nature of the ions and electrons into which he has resolved matter. They may or may not be manifestations of a hypothetical ether. The point is of no great moment to him, because he is concerned to inquire not what they are but how they behave in relation to one another, and to exhibit the laws not of their structure but of their combination. In this respect his work is parallel with that of the biologist, who is interested less in the nature of life than in its relationship with its environment.

There has been a corresponding movement in religious thought. The religious man to-day may, indeed, claim that Scripture gives him a compendious history of the origin of the world. But it is not for its history that he turns to Scripture. The characteristic of modern religious thought is the stress which it lays upon the sacraments — upon the means, that is to say, by which man becomes aware of his relationship with his Maker. In this field, also, there has been a definite shift of interest. Modern scholarship is concerned less with the Bible than with the Church. What matters nowadays is the evidence that faith has grown with the growing needs of mankind, that Christian dogma itself is but a means to an end, and that end the establishment of a sure bond between man and a Power not of this world. Let it be granted that the nature of that bond has been defined in terms which modern thought rejects, or that its existence has been exhibited by appeals to what modern thought regards as the most fallible side of our nature. It matters not. A statement of the relations between man and a Power of necessity beyond the apprehension of our limited intelligences has

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at best only a metaphysical value, and any demonstration of it is at best only relatively true and therefore only relatively false.

From this angle the controversies of sixty years ago, which have done their work and permanently influenced thought, shrink into insignificance, and a touch of pity is felt for those who persist not only in asking the wrong questions but in maintaining that their answers to them are of any relevance. Here, in the realm of feeling much more than in the realm of knowledge, is surely the true evidence of progress. Mankind has lost the doctrinaire confidence of nineteenth-century thought. The Church itself has learned to express itself more modestly and less authoritatively, and some at least of its ministers are ready to admit in the study, if not in the pulpit, that there may be more than one road to salvation. Science as well as the sacraments exists for the glory of God; both alike are symbols of the truth that lies behind our mortal perceptions. But what that truth may be we can do little more than wonder, with a sense of awe at its mystery and magnificence. No longer do we stand triumphant over the unveiled secrets of the universe. We feel ourselves to be moving in the outer courts of wisdom, conscious indeed of progressive illumination, but aware that the source and nature of the light to which we are susceptible is hidden from us by the very potency and wonder of its beams. If we so please we may hold with Sir Oliver Lodge that our consciousness of our present limitations is an earnest of advance beyond them, and that our admitted ignorance of ultimate realities is the first step to profounder knowledge. If that step be taken the terms of the conflict of opinion will change again. Meanwhile it is enough to have even our present breathing-space, and to realize that in our Father's house there are indeed many mansions — some at least of which may face the Light.

WHEN THE POWERS MARCHED INTO PEKING [1]

BY W. P. M. RUSSELL

THE cup of the iniquity of the Boxers was full, and the blood of the murdered foreigners cried out for vengeance. All through the sweltering heat of the long summer the Boxers had run riot over the whole of the North of China. They had gloated over the sight of the foreign refugees fleeing before them, half naked and bleeding. They had tortured them with a refinement of cruelty and done them to death, even practising the inhumanly barbarous *ling ch'ih*, or 'death by a thousand cuts.'

The cauldron of the Far East had boiled over and the scum had come to the top. The typical Boxer was possessed of great physical strength combined with brutal stolidity of temperament. *Robore corporis stolide ferox*, — to borrow a Tacitean expression, —

[1] From the *National Review* (London Tory monthly), *July*

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he was utterly incapable of any chivalrous instinct.

The truculent Yü Hsien, the Governor of Shansi, had summoned all the Europeans in his capital to his yamen, including two Roman Catholic bishops, and had then and there caused them all — men, women, and children — to be beheaded in his presence. Mission stations were burned and women outraged. The very name of the white races — 'foreign devils,' as they were opprobriously called — had been held up to contempt and had become a by-word throughout half a dozen provinces of the Celestial Empire.

Where, as in Peking and Tientsin, the relative strength of the foreigners had enabled them to defend themselves, they had been subjected to a prolonged siege, harassed by hordes of Boxers and assailed by legions of Chinese soldiers. Now at last a formidable expeditionary force had, not without heavy conflicts, forced its way through to the capital, relieved the legations, and held the enemy in a strangle-hold. The Court had fled and the Chinese Government was suspended, and the foreign armies had the metropolis at their mercy.

The immediate objective of the relief column had been attained in the raising of the siege of the legations, where in utter violation of the sacred law of nations the ministers accredited to the Court of Peking had been subjected to a close investment for over two months, and where a minister, on his way to the Foreign Office in his official chair borne by chair-bearers wearing the livery of the legation, had been murdered in cold blood by a Chinese soldier.

And now the Allies had a further task to perform — to inflict such condign punishment on the authors of these crimes that never more should it be possible for the like to be committed within the bounds of the Chinese realm; to reëstablish the prestige of the foreigner, which had reached its nadir during these stormy months; and, after dealing with the prime originators of these bloody deeds, to temper justice with mercy and allow the innocent to return to their homes, and to foster the resumption of a normal life and build up again the commerce of a devastated capital.

The actual occupation of the capital was not effected without a struggle. Machine guns were brought to bear down the principal avenues of the city, which is laid out on a geometrical plan favorable to such a method of domination, the city walls forming an admirable vantage-ground for the emplacements, and the Chinese suffered heavy losses.

On the day following the relief of the legations a Japanese and French force relieved the Pei-Tang, the Roman Catholic mission in the heart of Peking, where the bishop, Monseigneur Favier, the priests of the mission, and twenty sisters had been besieged, together with some three thousand Chinese converts. In this heroic defense forty French and ten Italian marines had taken part. An irregular force of five hundred spearmen had been raised from among the converts. The cathedral had been battered by shell fire almost out of recognition, and large areas of the defenses had been blown up by mines.

The same day I was present on the wall of the Tatar City, when a battery of American guns was mounted on it at the Ch'ien Gate and started shelling the Forbidden City. While this shelling was in progress the officer commanding the battery fell mortally wounded. An advance was subsequently made by the American troops against the Imperial City from the south. Two gates were carried by storm in the face of heavy fire on the part of Tung Fu-hsiang's soldiers, who here made a

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final stand. Their general had already fled.

The enemy, brought to bay, fought with much tenacity, and the Americans had many casualties in rushing the courtyards as each gate was captured.

The Chinese soldiers made use on this occasion of the distinctively Oriental weapon, the gingal. This consists of a ponderous breech-loading stock to which is attached a barrel some seven feet long. None but a Titan could bring up to the shoulder and fire this gigantic rifle-shaped firearm. The missile discharged is of iron, and the bore is of about two inches diameter. These cumbrous weapons take three mere mortal men to man them, and are sufficiently formidable at close range.

At this period the Chinese army afforded many anomalies. The obsolete mediæval engines of warfare were gradually being discarded in favor of modern weapons of precision. But army reform was as yet in its infancy, and there were still many strange survivals of the old inefficient military machine.

The armament of the Ch'ien Gate was an illustration of this. Massive gate-towers dominated the quadrangle between the gates, looming high above the city wall of mediæval antiquity. The walls of these towers were pierced by rows of embrasures, tier upon tier, and at each embrasure appeared what looked in the distance like the muzzle of a gun. In point of fact there were a few rusty old muzzle-loading guns here and there in the lowest tier of embrasures. All the remaining emplacements had been adorned with the 'counterfeit presentment' of a gun, to strike terror into the heart of the enemy

The use of the bow and arrow still survived. Outside the walls of Peking are long, arid, sandy stretches admirable for equestrian exercises. Here could be seen in the days before the siege the Manchu horseman displaying his prowess in archery. He would gallop past a target, discharging one arrow before he was up to it, another when he was level with it, and a third Parthian shot as he swept past in his wild career. I have already recorded the use of fire-bearing arrows during the siege. Another form of frightfulness was the whistling arrow. This arrow had a hollow head with air-holes, and made a sibilant sound as it whizzed through the air.

It is a fact, too, that there still survived in the Chinese army a corps of men known as 'Brandishers.' The rôle assigned to these stout fellows in an engagement was to envelop their heads in a headdress on which were portrayed the features of a fierce tiger. Thus attired, they preceded the advancing forces as skirmishers, and by their fantastic capers were believed to turn the heart of the stoutest foe to water.

A fan and an umbrella formed part of the Chinese soldier's kit. He coiled his pigtail round his head on the line of march and inserted his fan in the coils. The umbrella was slung across the shoulders.

But times were changing, and at the period of which I write China had also well-equipped and efficient foreign-drilled troops. The pick of these were under the command of the enlightened Yuan Shih-kai, the Governor of Shantung province. This able general and administrator refrained from participating in the operations against the European Powers, and kept his army within the confines of his own province. These soldiers were trained on the German model. Other foreign-drilled troops, commanded by General Nieh, took an active part in the hostilities against the Allies.

Quite apart from the foreign-drilled armies, the rank and file of the regular units of the Imperial forces, both Chinese and Manchu, were recruited from

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men of good physique, not lacking in soldierly qualities. They were armed with modern rifles, and had a plentiful supply of ammunition.

Such was the character of the troops arrayed against us, whose powers of resistance, already much shaken by the entrance of the foreign forces into the capital, had now to be finally broken.

Meanwhile confused fighting was in progress in different parts of the city, and the flags of the Allies were gradually seen to be floating on all the prominent strategic positions, including the Mei Shan, or Coal Hill, the highest eminence in Peking, and the Pei Ta Shan, a hill crowned by a remarkable cone-shaped monument, within which a Buddha was said to be enshrined. The defeat of the Boxers and the Imperial troops fighting in sympathy with them soon developed into a rout.

Guards were now set at the four gates of the Forbidden City which faced the four points of the compass, the task of guarding these gates falling to the British, French, Russians, and Japanese. As yet no foreigner had set foot within the Forbidden City, and by mutual consent the Allies still refrained from this consummation of their victory.

Arsenals were discovered in all parts of the city, stocked with hundreds of thousands of rifles and millions of rounds of ammunition, and for days after the relief columns of thick smoke could be seen sullying the blue sky as the Allies fired some fresh magazine.

Though the power of the Boxers was shattered and the Imperial troops were fast disbanding themselves, casting away their rifles and uniforms, there was still sporadic firing at various points throughout the city, and snipers lurking under cover shot our soldiers whenever a chance offered.

To put an end to this state of affairs, it was decided to inflict upon the Chinese the final humiliation of a triumphal entry into the Forbidden City. This took place on August 28, just a fortnight after the relief of the legations. Representative detachments of all the Allies marched through the Forbidden City on this occasion.

A few Chinese officials — a crestfallen little group — were present to admit the Allies into the precincts of this Chinese 'Holiest of Holies.' One wonders, were they haunted in this hour of their degradation by visions of the past glories of the mighty ancient city of Cambaluc? Did they reflect how the Great Mongol, Kublai Khan, transferred his capital to Cambaluc, the modern Peking; how he thus became the first Chinese Emperor of Mongolian descent; and how he built the Tatar City and its palaces on the broad, bold outlines the main features of which survive to this day?

The entire Diplomatic Corps attended this ceremony. As each detachment marched through the Central Courtyard the band played the appropriate national anthem, and the whole setting of the scene was imposing and in harmony with the historic character of the occasion.

The golden-roofed Forbidden City stands four-square within the yellow-tiled Imperial City, like a topaz set in gold. After the troops had marched through, I was one of the party of ministers, generals, and other officers who, with the mandarins acting as guides, set out to inspect the interior of the Imperial palaces. The courtyard in which the march-past of the troops before the Russian general, the senior military officer, took place was the Yü Hua Yuan, or Imperial Flower Court. Starting from this point, we made a tour of a succession of halls with glazed yellow tiles glistening in the sunshine. The dominant note in the coloring of the walls of the buildings was

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red, the color appropriate to the Son of Heaven. The most imposing of the halls was the Tai Ho Tien, the audience chamber, where the Emperor received Imperial princes and special envoys. The approach to the hall was screened by beautiful marble balustrades in three tiers, ornamented with dragons carved in relief. What scenes of Oriental splendor this hall had witnessed in the palmy days of the Empire, when tribute was humbly proffered by envoys from States situated in remote regions far beyond the confines of China, in the days when scarce a dog might bark in the whole of Asia — aye, or in Europe either — without the permission of the Great Khan! We approached also the Dragon Throne, a wonder of work, whereon the Son of Heaven sat on ceremonial occasions. Behind the throne were mottoes from the classics carved in large characters on panels of wood setting forth the principles of sound government based on the conception of a delicate equipoise in the delegation of authority. We saw, too, the private apartments of the Emperor, in which were many magnificent works of art in porcelain, jade, lacquer, and gold.

Viewed from the summit of the Mei Shan, or Coal Hill, the Forbidden City, set within the Imperial City, with its golden roofs, its large lakes covered with pink and white blossoms of the lotus on their floating platforms of large round green leaves, its spacious courtyards elaborately decorated with white marble, presented a picture of remarkable beauty. The Mei Shan itself is reputed to be a mountain of coal, piled up in the Yuan Dynasty, so that fuel might not be lacking to the palace in case of a long siege — an expedient of government perhaps worth noting in these latter days! It is two hundred feet high, and its slopes are covered with evergreen trees, while on its summit are three pavilions with green-tiled roofs.

While amid such scenes as these the pageant of the triumphal entry was being enacted in the Forbidden City, very different sights met the eye if one wandered through the main thoroughfares of the Tatar and Chinese cities. Here was to be witnessed the sack of a great capital. Enormous conflagrations had scarred huge areas, leaving only ruins in their train. Here and there, set out symmetrically like the squares of a chess-board, were the derelict palaces of the Chinese and Manchu nobility, some of whom had fled the capital from dread of the Boxers, others, themselves steeped in the great conspiracy, because they feared foreign vengeance. A lawless rabble was plundering these residences, and in search for treasure ransacked every apartment. Hundreds of dead bodies of Boxers were lying in the streets. The Chinese Government as an agent for the preservation of law and order was no more. Though the city was, immediately after the occupation by the Allies, divided up into sections wherein the various foreign nations held jurisdiction, it was not at first possible to cope with this chaos, and pillage was rife. Treasuries, pawnshops, — which in China are the depositories of much wealth, — yamens, silk shops, and private residences were wantonly plundered. Once control was established, this looting by Chinese was summarily stamped out.

Among the foreign element the inevitable reaction set in after the fierce struggle in which the besieged and the relieving column had been engaged, and discipline was for the moment relaxed. Many of those who had been beleaguered had lost all their possessions, and were not slow to take the opportunity of reimbursing themselves at the expense of the vanquished. Adventurers, too,

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came from all over China, who had taken no part in the hostilities, and carried on organized looting on a gigantic scale. As an instance of the enormous wealth of this Oriental capital, I saw one day a stream of French native troops from Annam issuing from a treasury. Each one had stripped off the yellow sash which he wore round his waist and in the folds of it was carrying large lumps of silver sycee, under the weight of which he staggered. These soldiers were bivouacked in a dusty road which ran along the outside of the southern wall of the Imperial City. Here they threw down their loads of silver, which became half buried in the dust, so that the street appeared to be paved with silver cobbles. This indiscriminate looting on the part of foreigners was also in process of time checked by the authorities. But still the problem remained, what was to be done with the vast amount of valuable property which was to be found littered about in all directions? The solution adopted by the British was the organized collection of these valuables, which were taken to a loot godown in the British Legation and there sold by public auction. The proceeds of these sales were subsequently divided among the troops as batter-money. The auctioneer was the gatekeeper at the British Legation, a sergeant named Herring, who soon acquired a working knowledge of the various articles which he put up under the hammer. Furs were rather a stumblingblock to him, but at least he learned to identify a sable. Other furs he found not so easy to differentiate, and when in doubt he would hold up some magnificent fur robe lined with brocade and inquire: 'Who'll give me an offer for this mandarin coat, *very nearly* a sable?'

In the scheme of division of Peking the southwest portion of the Tatar City was under British control. Here were quartered the 1st Sikhs and the 24th Punjab Infantry. I was appointed for administrative work in this part of Peking soon after the siege. My duties involved house-to-house searches to track out Boxer ringleaders, to discover arsenals and powder magazines, to locate stores of grain, rice, and fodder which might prove useful to the troops, and so forth. In some of these houses grim tragedies had been enacted, the bodies of whole families of Chinese being found suspended from the rafters of the roof, victims of the Boxers on account of their pro-foreign sentiments. I lived in the well-appointed residence of the absconded Boxer leader, Chao Hsü Ch'iao. The palace of Kang I, another notorious Boxer, was in the same neighborhood. This I visited one day and found a mob of Chinese ransacking it. I had these marauders dislodged and a guard put on the premises. The interior of the apartments presented a scene of indescribable confusion, and most of the portable articles of value had already been removed.

I found, however, among the débris a scroll bearing the seal and sign-manual of the Empress Dowager Tzu Hsi. On it was depicted a simple delineation of a fir tree, around which were twined the tendrils of wistaria, the blossoms of which hung from the boughs as if desiring to reach down to a cluster of some strange exotic fungus which grew at the root of the tree. Overhead there hovered a golden bat, the symbol of happiness. The picture, as its inscription showed, had been presented to the Boxer ringleader by the Empress Dowager in recognition of his services. There is little doubt that the slight sketch, which had considerable merit of design, was painted by the Empress Dowager herself, many Court ladies at this period indulging their artistic taste in this manner.

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In accordance with Oriental sentiment, there is often a symbolic interpretation underlying such works of art. In the present picture I read the following: The tree is the mighty Manchu Dynasty, round which the Empress Dowager entwines her subtle influence, while the fungus growth at the roots is the Boxer Rising, to which she stoops in dalliance. Be this as it may, the presentation of such a gift by the Empress Dowager to one of the archconspirators in the Boxer Rising is direct evidence, if such were needed, of her guilty complicity in the movement.

In the work of rounding-up Boxers still in hiding I had an adventure one day. A missionary came and told me that there was a mad Boxer at a certain house, and asked if I would have him arrested. I took with me two marines and set out with the missionary as guide. He conducted me to a postern in a street wall and informed me that this was where the mad Boxer lived. So we crashed in the door, which was held on the inside by a wooden bar, and ten yards from us across a small courtyard stood the Boxer on the threshold of his cottage with a Winchester rifle in his hand aimed at us. He was fumbling with the trigger. It was the work of a moment to dash across the courtyard with the two marines, and all three of us fell in a heap on top of him. He struggled with all the strength of a maniac, but was soon overpowered. Then I examined the Winchester rifle, which was fully loaded, but had evidently been lying by uncleaned for some time, with the result that it had become corroded with rust, which explained the unsuccessful efforts of the Boxer to fire it.

On entering the southern gate of the Chinese City there are to be observed on either side of the Ta Chieh, or Main Street, the red walls which enclose the precincts of the Temple of Heaven and the Temple of Agriculture. The former was occupied by British, the latter by American, troops. The Temple of Heaven and the Altar of Heaven are held in deep veneration by the Chinese, for it is here that the Emperor as the Son of Heaven went to worship on ceremonial occasions to pray for guidance in his task of ruling his vast empire, and also in time of drought to ask for seasonable rain. The temple is a rotunda with an exquisite roof of blue tiles, and the altar is a large marble platform with tiers of marble balustrades and marble steps leading up to it. They stand in the midst of a stately park. In this demesne during the occupation were parked the guns of the Royal Artillery. Here, too, were the lines of the Royal Welch Fusiliers, the Naval Brigade, the Chinese Wei Hai Wei regiment, and other troops. The park was the scene of several steeplechases, and even an impromptu theatrical performance took place here, a farce being enacted with humorous allusions to topical events, the Empress Dowager being made a special butt for banter.

The Temple of Agriculture was associated with remarkable Chinese rites. Here was a plot of land which, according to ritual, the Emperor cultivated year by year with his own hands. He himself guided the plough and ploughed four furrows forward and four furrows backward. A mandarin of high rank walked on his right with a whip. Subsequently the princes ploughed nine furrows each. The seeds were then sown by another high official. The grain which grew from this ceremonial sowing was in the autumn carefully collected and preserved for offerings to Heaven. So did the Emperor set an example to the farmers of his empire.

In the area controlled by the British were soon to be seen signs of reviving prosperity. The Chinese were en-

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couraged to return to their homes and reopen their shops, and busy markets began to grow up again, and everywhere were crowds of Chinese engaged in their normal occupations.

Other sections of Peking occupied by the Allies were slow in resuming normal conditions. The German area remained for a long time a wilderness. The Germans had indeed added reason for vindictiveness in the fact that their Minister, Baron von Ketteler, had been murdered, and they continued to harry the countryside far and wide with punitive expeditions long after the other Allies had desisted from hostile operations and had started the work of pacification. It will be remembered that the Kaiser, on the eve of the departure of Count von Waldersee to take command as Generalissimo of all the Allied troops, spoke of the 'Mailed Fist' and of inflicting such condign punishment on the Celestials that they should never again dare to look askance at a Teuton. Inflamed by such an Imperial message, the Germans inaugurated a régime of blood and iron. It was not till the latter half of September that the Count arrived. The French declined to recognize his authority, but for the rest he was the titular head of the Allied Forces. In connection with the German Headquarters Staff a remarkable instance occurred of what might have been described in Greek tragedy as the irony of inevitable fate. Hearing of the devastating conflagrations that were taking place in Peking, the Count brought with him to China in sections an asbestos house, which on his arrival was set up in the heart of the Tatar City. This house eventually caught fire, and the German Chief of Staff, General Schwarzhoff, perished in the burning edifice.

Not long after the relief it was decided to teach a salutary lesson to the Buddhist priests who had instigated the burning of the newly built British Legation summer quarters on the slopes of the Western Hills, a few miles from Peking. So an expedition was organized consisting of a force of British, Americans, Germans, and Japanese. The objective was a locality known as Pa Ta Ch'u, or the Eight Great Places, not far from the site of the British Legation summer residence. The Eight Great Places were Buddhist temples, which were known under such picturesque names as Pao Chu Tung (The Precious Pearl Grotto) and Hsiang Chieh Ssu (The Fragrant Nook Shrine). The love of filthy lucre had so far prevailed over the deep-rooted hatred which Buddhist priests almost invariably cherished toward the foreigner as to permit of the staffs of the legations and of the Imperial Maritime Customs using these temples as a summer resort. The temples themselves were buildings of much architectural beauty, and the atmosphere of the locality breathed a spirit of idyllic charm. Miniature lotus-ponds, stocked with goldfish and carp, and tiny ornamental streams, together with an artistic arrangement of oleanders and other flowers in large, gayly colored earthenware vases, enhanced the natural attractions of the spot. Near the foot of the hill, surrounded by the temples which stood at different altitudes on the declivity, was a fine many-storied pagoda.

Here during the Boxer outbreak, as in other Buddhist temples in Peking and throughout the province of Chihli, the priests fanned the flames of the antiforeign rising, and here numbers of Boxers were hypnotized to set forth to do their deeds of blood. The temples were indeed very nests of Boxers.

To such a scene, then, I rode from Peking one fine summer day after the siege as one of the staff of Sir Claude MacDonald.

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The plan of action was a simple one. The British, American, and Japanese detachments were to make a detour through the hills, and, deploying along the crest of the declivity on which the temples stood, to sweep down on the position from the rear and dislodge the Boxers, who were still frequenting the locality in considerable numbers, and drive them down the hill upon the German force, which was to be ready to intercept them in the plain. The attack from the rear developed according to plan, and the Boxers were dislodged from the temples and sent flying headlong down the slope under fire from our rifles. In the plain below were luxuriant crops of *kao liang*, a kind of millet, which, growing to a height of over eight feet, afforded ample cover. In their flight the Boxers threw away their weapons in the crops and discarded their red turbans and sashes and emerged indistinguishable from common coolies working in the fields. So not a few succeeded in eluding the German force awaiting them.

After the engagement the Commander-in-Chief, Sir Claude MacDonald, held a council of war with the commanding officers of the various detachments to decide how to inflict a lasting punishment on the Buddhist priests who had been guilty of instigating so many crimes. It was agreed to raze to the ground the pagoda, which was a landmark far and wide and could be descried soon after leaving the gates of Peking. This pagoda was, according to local folklore, an embodiment of the *Feng-shui*, or spirit which brought good luck to the vicinity, and therefore its destruction must undoubtedly have been a grievous blow to the Buddhist priesthood. As we started in the cool of the evening on our return ride to Peking, the last sight which we had of the Pa Ta Ch'u was at the moment when the pagoda, blown up by a charge of powder, crumbled into ruins.

The period of the occupation afforded an admirable opportunity for studying the characteristics and fighting qualities of our Allies.

The spirit which dominated the Germans has already been intimated, and with German thoroughness they proceeded to carry out to the letter the behests of their august Kaiser.

The sturdy Russian soldiers showed throughout the operations admirable fighting qualities. It was thought that the Russians might endeavor to exploit the situation in North China to their own advantage, and that their known antipathy to the Japanese might lead to complications, but as a fact, so long as the operations lasted, they loyally carried out the tasks allotted to them in the councils of the Allies. At a later date, it is true, after the hostilities were ended, there was unfortunate friction between ourselves and the Russians over a railway question at Tientsin.

On one occasion, soon after the siege, I happened to be riding out to the Western Hills. I had proposed to go unaccompanied, though the countryside was still somewhat unsettled, but, carrying a revolver, I did not anticipate any trouble. I chanced to meet the First Secretary of the Russian Legation, Mr. Kroupensky, who was a friend of mine, when I was on the point of starting. He courteously offered me an escort of some twenty or thirty Cossacks, who were also bound for the same neighborhood to act as guard for Wo Fo Ssu, the temple of the Sleeping Buddha, where the Russian Minister resided. I thanked him, but said I should hardly know what to do with them, not knowing one word of their language. He replied, '*Ils sont très obéissants*,' and urged me to take them with me. So I agreed. They were wild-looking fellows

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from the bleak steppes of Russia or the grim forests of Siberia, mounted on shaggy Mongolian ponies, and superb horsemen, but they exhibited an almost doglike docility, and were ready at a nod to anticipate my every want — a frame of mind which perhaps gives the key to much that has since happened and is now happening in Russia.

The French contingent came from Saigon, and were accompanied by a force of native troops from Annam, to whose looting propensities I have already alluded. As the white portion of the force had spent some years in the trying climate of the tropics, they had a somewhat washed-out appearance and could hardly be regarded as representative of what one would expect French troops to be. Colonel Marchand, of Fashoda fame, was with the French contingent, and by a curious coincidence was brought into touch at Peking with his British confrère in that memorable episode. Under the altered circumstances they were the best of friends.

The Japanese soldiers, clad in white uniforms like the Russians, were very efficient, and fighting in alliance with the European nations, an Oriental power against another Oriental power, covered themselves with military renown, and showed a moderation and discretion in their administrative work, when the fighting was over, which were beyond all praise. Being comparatively near to the scene of operations, the Japanese had been able to place a large force in the field at an early date, and the victorious issue of several of the battles fought round Tientsin and on the route to Peking was not a little due to the gallantry of the soldiers of the Mikado.

In the late autumn, when life in Peking was settling down more to the humdrum, I obtained leave of absence, and together with certain other members of the Legation staff spent a holiday at the Emperor's Summer Palace, known as the Yuan Ming Yuan, situated a few miles to the west of Peking, not far from the hills. The particular apartments which I occupied were on an island in the Great Lake. The island was connected with the grounds of the Palace by a marble bridge. It was on this very island that the Emperor was kept a prisoner by the reactionary party, represented by the Empress Dowager, at the time of the so-called coup d'état. The rooms were furnished with solid black wood furniture inlaid with marble and mother-of-pearl, and had the usual dais, or kang, at one end, which is to be found in all Chinese houses. Under the kang runs a flue in which fuel is burned in cold weather. The windows of these Imperial apartments were glazed, contrary to the usual custom of the country, where the windows are papered with translucent paper. The walls were covered with panels of carved black wood, into some of which red brocade was inset. The carpeting of the floor was of fine white matting, as also the *lien-tzu*, or curtain, which covered the door. A fine specimen of a vase of the Kang-hi period set on one of the marble-topped tables completed the scheme of decoration.

The marshes on the edge of the great lake abounded in wild fowl and snipe, and good sport was to be had in shooting. The domains of the Summer Palace cover a large area, and there are many curiously laid out pleasances where the symbolism of the Chinese gardener finds full play. Here but a few short moons ago the Manchu princess, with her elegant coiffure, and the dainty-footed Chinese maid-of-honor enjoyed their leisure in the arbors among the plum blossoms, screened from the malign influences of nature by a spirit wall. Here they recited their favorite poems from the classics, or perchance painted

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delicately on a fan the petals of the plum blossom.

The Summer Palace was guarded in the first instance by the Russians, and later the care of it was transferred to the British, and all its treasures were intact and preserved from the devastations of war. The most prominent feature is the hill known as the Wan Shou Shan, or Hill of Ten Thousand Years, which is adorned by pavilions in the ornate style of Chinese architecture. The throneroom, which stands nearly on a level with the lake, contained a magnificent collection of specimens of Chinese art, including representations of the phœnix and other fabulous animals in bronze. The taste of the genuine Chinese works of art was faultless, and showed Oriental craftsmanship at its best. Many sceptres made of black wood inlaid with carved pale-green jade adorned the various marble-topped tables. There were not lacking, also, specimens of European handiwork, such as French clocks, and suspended from the roof in front of the throne were candelabra of Venetian glass. The collection of clocks and watches was much in vogue among the Chinese connoisseurs of this period. Conspicuous in the grounds of the palace was the so-called Camel's Back Bridge. This structure of pure white marble, resembling in its contour the hump of a camel, appealed to the eye on account of its beauty of line, spanning as it did one of the waterways leading to the Great Lake.

In these delightful surroundings I spent Christmas of 1900, and after this agreeable interlude I returned to Peking, where the sword had now been sheathed and the troops had made themselves snug in winter quarters, while in the chanceries of the legations the diplomatic body were already engaged in roughcasting the terms of the settlement with China and of the Boxer Indemnity.

A JOURNEY TO ABYSSINIA. II[1]

BY JEAN D'ESME

Life for a European in Addis Abeba revolves around the three leading hotels, each of which constitutes a little world in itself. They stand close to the avenue on which the market and the principal shops are situated. Each of them boasts of some special attraction — the first of its bar and its movie show, the second of its French cuisine, and the third of its flower garden and eucalyptus grove. One of them belongs to Ras Hailo, the richest and most powerful feudatory of the crown. Rumor has it that Prince Taffari-Makonnen himself proposes to build an even more pretentious hostelry. I stopped at the Imperial, which belongs to the Empress. The brass bed in my chamber bore the coat of arms of the Empire, with the Ethiopian lion in the centre. Each of these noble hospices boasts of an illustrious patron. They have another feature in common — the extraordinarily heterogeneous collec-

[1] From *L'Écho de Paris* (Clerical daily), *July 27, August 1, 3, 9*

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tion of guests from every quarter of the globe whom they harbor.

The dining-room of my hotel, which is managed by a Greek, suggests the first halting-place after the dispersion from the Tower of Babel. Gathered around the little tables, where Arab and Abyssinian boys serve dishes with French names and of Hellenic parentage, are Armenians, Greeks, Germans, Ethiopians, and Russians, besides our little group of Frenchmen, a neighboring table occupied by two Americans, an Englishman, and a Bulgarian, and another farther on where three Belgians and several Italians are drinking Chianti. A party of young Austrian students, making a tour to finish their education, completes the picture at the moment. Through the open doors of the neighboring room, from which the smell of cigar smoke and the sound of clicking billiard balls reaches us, comes a confused hodgepodge of '*Ja*,' '*Si*,' '*Oui*,' 'Yes,' '*Eschi*,' and affirmatives in half a dozen other languages. I try to conjecture what sort of magnet has attracted hither these men from every quarter of the compass. Their conversation is entirely about business, concessions, mines, plantations. I catch the names of distant provinces, Arussi, Wallo Gallas, Gojam, Kaffa, Tigré, Jimma, and of vaguely known rivers, mountains, plains, deserts, and forests, each linked up with its mineral, commercial, or agricultural resources.

Our table, which shows no interest in economic geography, is rather an object of suspicion. Who are these strange creatures who do not talk of buying or selling, of grants or leases, of capital or investments? Unable to repress his curiosity, a huge, short-legged Greek plants himself directly in my path as I leave the dining-room and introduces himself: 'Zacopopoulos Constantinos, Manager of the X—— Mica Mines.' We exchange a few banal civilities. Then my volunteer acquaintance, in a voice of studied indifference belied by his sharp, inquisitive eyes, remarks with an oleaginous smile: 'You 're traveling for pleasure?'

'Precisely that.'

My curt answer does not disconcert him, for he at once returns to the charge: 'You have scientific interests, no doubt?'

'Yes.'

'You find Abyssinia very interesting?'

'Exceedingly.'

He reflects a moment, swaying his portly body on his short legs and running his thumb under his collar, which seems to chafe him. Then he remarks: 'Yes, Abyssinia is a very rich country. There are lots of opportunities here.'

As this draws no further suggestion from me, he decides to ask the question that he has had in his mind from the first: 'Are you interested in coffee? Or perhaps in hides?'

'No, not in either.'

The puzzled expression that flits across the fellow's big, good-natured face is almost comical. It is followed by a look of distrust, first in his eyes, then clouding his whole countenance — an expression of suspicion mingled with anxiety and just a trace of irritation. 'Well, then, you 're looking into mines, eh — mines?'

'No, I'm not here for coffee or hides or mines. I have no business object whatsoever. I've just come to see the country and to do a little hunting.'

The Greek's eyes grow clearer and open wide with astonishment; but there is still a trace of distrust in the back of his mind, a tenacious doubt that nothing can dissipate. He has seen too many of these disinterested tourists, who play the game of indifference and then some fine day, when they

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have got what they want in secret, suddenly walk off with a big concession or a fat contract. I confess that before I left the country I myself saw so many of these smiling, detached tourists who proved later to be keen business men that I learned to feel the same skepticism.

Mr. Zacopopoulos Constantinos next inquired, after a pause, in a reticent voice: 'See what in the country?'

'Oh, the people and things in general — the natives, the scenery, the customs, the life.'

He found nothing to answer to this. Either overwhelmed at the idea of such extravagance, or shocked at such dissimulation, the big fellow merely exclaimed, 'Ah! ah! ah!' and went back to join the group he had just left, and doubtless to report the result of his inquiries.

The hotel corridors are a sort of crossroads where people of every race and continent and color elbow each other. Its verandahs and its gardens are a perennial international exhibition. Before the doors of the rooms lie great heaps of luggage, sheet-iron water-holders, camp beds, sleeping bags, tents, saddles and bridles, canteens, medicine chests, and all the paraphernalia of caravan travel. Their owners fuss around them, weighing, unpacking, repacking, labeling, and listing. You see them surrounded by boys and muleteers, with their lists in their hands, pointing to piles of canned goods and packages of provisions, watching the make-up of the loads and weighing them carefully, a steel yard in one hand and a pencil and notebook in the other. The hotel echoes all day long with hammering, sawing, and the sound of moving boxes. Natives file past in long lines to offer their services as carriers. A crowd stands all day long in front of the hotel, watching for the guests to come out — guards, boys, cooks, and muleteers, who hasten to besiege you with a long account of their merits. Interspersed with them are hucksters, who try to sell you crosses of silver and copper, fly brushes, ash trays, furs, ingeniously illuminated parchments, and all the jimcrackery of the souvenir bazaars. Farther on, near the entrance to the grounds, there is a still more tumultuous gathering. From the day of your arrival these people know you are here, know all about your proposed caravan trip, and are right on hand to sell you, at the most attractive prices, — for themselves, — worn-out animals, just in from an exhausting journey, but doped to make them seem fresh and lively, and all the other equipment for your trip.

In the back of the hotel grounds, close to the stables and the annex, tents have been pitched for exhibition and inspection, until they make the place look like a military camp. The groups of *zabanias*, or professional caravan guards, who hover around them, and the hunting trophies and other mementos of their trips brought in by travelers, add to this impression. From the balcony of my room I watch a constant procession of wayfarers, who make the hotel grounds a short cut from one street to another — an Amazon returning from a ride, followed by a boy on a galloping pony; a merchant on muleback going about his business; a legation attaché preceded and followed by color-bearers; an Abyssinian lady and gentleman of high rank, escorted by their men of arms. Not a moment passes without some new incident. Here a luxurious automobile draws up in front of the steps of the hotel. Yonder five great camels kneel in succession to discharge heavy boxes containing the guns and the ammunition of our own expedition. Every corner of the place echoes the accents of a score of different languages, and of

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one more tongue composed of fragments of them all.

I had looked forward with great curiosity to my audience with the Empress, who is cloistered in the Imperial City, whose walls and towers and roofs are visible upon their high elevation from every portion of the city. Finally a telephone message fixed the hour, and at four o'clock in the afternoon we set forth for the Palace on horseback, — for it is not good form to walk in the Ethiopian capital, — accompanied by our boys and servants. The royal residence, as in most Oriental countries, is a little city and a fortress in itself.

We first halted in front of the outer wall, where at a double gate of heavy wood we were required to identify ourselves and to show our authority for entering. Outside the gate, and filling the neighboring streets and square, was a crowd of spectators and petitioners waiting for some noble lord to emerge in a disorderly pell-mell of richly caparisoned horses and mules, men at arms, women, children, and priests.

Entering this gate, we passed through a large outer court filled with guards and retainers. A number of soldiers in khaki uniforms, wearing flat caps circled with the tricolor ribbon of Ethiopia, were sauntering about with rifles on their shoulders. Groups of men in white *chammas* hastened hither and thither, talking in a loud voice. Sheds and shelters bordered the court on the right and the left, where horses and mules were tethered. Reaching a second gate, we dismounted and went through another examination, which was interrupted by the arrival of a guide who had come to pilot us. Passing through a second courtyard where there were fewer people, and those talking in a subdued voice, we reached a third wall and a third portal, which admitted us at last to the palace buildings proper. We now found ourselves in large grounds, with wooden railings bordering the walks, and a stretch of withered lawn in front of a cage where a lion and a lioness yawned lazily behind their bars, indifferent to the officers, functionaries, and courtiers who were constantly passing by.

On the right was the *Aderak*, a huge, heavy-looking building with massive masonry walls, where every year during the great national and religious fêtes great banquets, or *gueburs*, are held, to which ten or twelve thousand warriors are invited at a time. The Empress gives audiences there to the members of the diplomatic corps, and to the great feudal lords of the Empire; and every Friday Prince Taffari-Makonnen, surrounded by the high officials of the realm, dispenses justice in the audience hall, in cases appealed to him from the farthest confines of the Empire, over which he has final jurisdiction. On the left of the Aderak is a semicircle of buildings jumbled together without order, toward which we directed our steps. Here we were shown into a square reception room, surrounded by a circular gallery, where visitors ordinarily await their audiences. The walls of this room were adorned with naïve frescoes in clashing colors. Some of these had begun to scale and looked rather delapidated. A few chairs and two sofas stood along the walls. In a corner where the sun's rays struggled to filter through the dust-covered glass of the narrow windows — and mostly failed in the attempt — a young man seated on a rug hastily rose to greet us. A few minutes later the Minister of France arrived, accompanied by a party of ladies, and the Empress sent word that she was awaiting us.

Still accompanied by our guide, we crossed the grounds, threaded a labyrinth of galleries and little courtyards,

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skirted buildings scattered at haphazard, and eventually reached a pavilion at the entrance of which the Secretary of Foreign Affairs, surrounded by a group of servants, was waiting to receive us. We ascended several broad steps and entered a vestibule, where we left our riding wraps and hats. A moment later a double door opened, and we found ourselves in the private audience hall, a long apartment opening into a second, smaller room which formed an alcove, at the back of which Her Majesty was seated on a sofa throne. Several attendants were on her left, one of whom kept waving a large fan, and on her right stood Prince Taffari-Makonnen and the Secretary of Foreign Affairs.

Each of us was formally presented in turn to the Empress as we passed in front of her. Our boots clattered loudly on the bare wooden floor, and the ladies of our party produced an odd impression making their deep reverences in riding boots and riding breeches. But we were the only ones who felt embarrassed, inasmuch as foreigners are usually presented at court in riding costume.

Around the walls of the large reception hall were several easy chairs, in which we seated ourselves face to face. Above me hung a portrait of Menelik, the great emperor. For a moment the conversation lagged. The Empress made a few conventional inquiries about our trip and our health. I took advantage of the opportunity to study her countenance — or, rather, as much of it as was visible amid the white muslin and black silk which enveloped her from her ankles to her eyes. She spoke without gestures, scarcely moving her hands, which were divined rather than seen under her white muslin robes. Her voice was sweet and young, and rarely rose above a low murmur, but it betrayed a certain vivacity, which was corroborated by her quick glances and a flutter of her eyelids.

The Empress is the youngest daughter of Menelik, and was his favorite child. After her father's death she was deprived of the throne by an intrigue and sequestrated in a remote part of the palace as the result of a coup d'état. Eventually, however, she successfully headed a revolution, and in the autumn of 1916 was proclaimed Empress and 'Queen of Kings.' Simultaneously, Prince Taffari-Makonnen, who had joined his fortunes with hers, was elected Regent of the Empire and Heir to the Throne. Her proclamation, which she caused to be read by a herald at the time of her coronation, is a document of impressive power and eloquence. After reciting her own wrongs, and how she had not been able even to give the body of her beloved father a fitting burial for nearly three years, she concluded: 'Now that I am seated on my father's throne, I feel that I owe this good fortune to the grace of God as well as to your wisdom and your aid. Henceforth you shall be my glory. In closing, I pray the Almighty to bless your noble resolutions and to give you light and wisdom — you the powerful and valiant men of Ethiopia, who shall make my reign a blessing to our country.'

I reflected on all this, on all the planning and intriguing and diplomacy, on all the tragic hours this young woman had passed through, as I stared at her half-veiled face and studied her almost indolent, reposeful countenance. Her eyes were gentle and firm. They did not look like the eyes of a person who had suffered bitter trials. No shadow of the violent scenes she had witnessed remained to darken them.

Addressing me, she asked several questions about my travels. When I mentioned having just arrived from

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Madagascar, her interest was instantly aroused, and she began to question me rapidly and precisely. 'Is the country large? . . . What are the principal products? . . . Are there good roads? . . . How do the people travel and ship their products?' Last of all, looking at me searchingly and steadily, she asked: 'Tell me, now, just what France is doing down there to promote the progress of the colony.'

I could see by the keen attention with which the Empress listened to my replies that she was drawing a parallel between Madagascar and Abyssinia. Each time I mentioned some new thing that we were doing to civilize that island she nodded her head approvingly.

Finally, after the conventional glass of champagne, she rose, looking smaller than she did upon the throne, and, extending her hand to us languidly, and bestowing on each of us a weary, resigned smile, she departed to continue her fast — one of those strict and austere fasts which she is accustomed to impose upon herself.

A cool purple dusk was descending over the city when we emerged from the Palace. The white chammas of the people moving about the grounds seemed even whiter than usual in the semiobscurity. Lights began to appear here and there. The smoke from the native cabins filled the air with the spicy fragrance of eucalyptus wood. In the distance someone was playing a shrill air on a violin. Passing through the last gate, we descended toward Addis in the midst of a concourse of courtiers and petitioners, some mounted and some on foot, all hastening homeward before curfew hour.

A PUNITIVE EXPEDITION[1]

BY LIEUTENANT A. C. SOKOL

When our ship cast anchor in the harbor of Humboldt Bay, New Guinea, we found the little post in a state of intense excitement. A party of eight Malay bird-hunters, who had been sent inland by a Chinaman to secure specimens of the bird of paradise, had been ambushed by cannibals, and six of the party were captured and eaten. The details of this horrible ceremony had been witnessed by the two survivors from a place in which they had taken concealment near the cannibal village. These two men had eventually made their way back to the post through the almost impenetrable jungle and had arrived mere phantoms of their former selves from terror and hardship.

The Malay soldiers of the garrison were furious, for they abhorred cannibalism as much as did the Europeans; but the remoteness of the offending village and uncertainty as to its location protected it from immediate punishment.

Shortly afterward, however, a new incident of the same sort invited prompt retaliation. Two officers of our vessel were strolling along the beach,

[1] From *Neues Wiener Tagblatt Wochen-Blatt* (Vienna Conservative daily), *July* 31

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not far from the harbor, when they came on a little opening where a group of natives were holding a dance. The weird contortions and picturesque adornments of the wild people so fascinated the young men that they watched the performance for some time. This gratified the savages, who redoubled their efforts in order to entertain their visitors. They beat their carved red and white shields with their spears and war clubs more violently than ever as they circled in an ecstasy of fury around a brightly painted idol. Little by little the ring of dancers drew away from the shore toward the denser forest, with the young officers strolling after it. The drums beat louder, the natives howled more wildly, and the whole party encouraged the white men to follow by inviting gestures. But the moment a bit of denser forest concealed them from the shore the sound suddenly stopped, and in an instant the savages had surrounded their impromptu guests and felled them with their war clubs.

This is the way we reconstructed the tragedy from later evidence. Naturally, we on board the vessel did not know what had happened until the two officers failed to return. Suspecting from the recent attack on the Malay bird-hunters that something serious might have happened, we promptly notified the garrison commander. At first he refused to believe that our men had been attacked so near to the post; but we insisted that something be done at once. Consequently a rescue party was hastily organized and placed in my charge. It consisted of a few Europeans and twenty Malay soldiers who were only too eager to volunteer their services.

Each of us carried a service rifle and a torch. Several also had bush knives to cut a way through the jungle. Proceeding rapidly down the beach in the direction the officers were walking when we last saw them, we soon reached a point where the smoking ashes of a big fire and several abandoned mats indicated the site of a native feast. By the side of a tree-trunk were a number of cigarette stumps. Evidently we had struck the true trail.

With the assistance of our Malay trackers, we easily picked up the tracks of the departing savages. Filled with anxiety, mingled with rage, at the possible fate of our comrades, we pushed forward at the utmost speed. But the jungle rapidly grew thicker. We tripped over vines, sank ankle-deep in the swampy soil, and encountered a thousand obstacles to our progress. We had left so hurriedly that I had come in my canvas deck shoes, which were soon ripped to tatters. Our faces and hands were torn and bleeding. The trail led down a swampy river-bank, through crocodile-infested marshes; we knew that venomous serpents lurked under every bush; and an overpowering stench of decaying vegetation choked us.

All of a sudden I felt something soft moving beneath my feet, and jumped aside with a startled exclamation just in time to see, by the flickering light of my torch, the naked, ratlike tail of an opossum vanish in the underbrush. Millions of mosquitoes sang around our heads and settled on our bleeding necks and faces. To add to our discouragement, our torches began to go out.

As the last of these flickered and threatened to leave us in the utter darkness, we reached a little elevation, and stopped to consider our position. We had completely lost the trail of the natives, and for some time had been following its conjectural direction, uncertain whether we were on the right path. We had now reached a point where even guesswork seemed to

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fail us, and had lost all idea of our course.

We were about to turn back in utter helplessness, when a Malay soldier declared that he could smell smoke. We let him follow the scent, keeping close at his heels. It was now nearly dawn, and we soon caught the crackle of embers. Confident that we were on the point either of rescuing or of avenging our comrades, we pushed on with new vigor. Soon a horrible stench of burned flesh reached our nostrils, and we saw the dull glow of coals through the foliage. Holding a hasty council of war, we decided to surround the village and to convince ourselves that its people were the guilty parties before further action. A Malay crept forward to reconnoitre. He came back a minute later, reporting that everybody in the village was sound asleep and that the fire had almost completely died down. By the last flickering flames, however, he had seen the white coats of the two officers and a heap of gnawed bones close to the embers.

One must have passed through a similar experience to appreciate the savage fury that instantly possessed us. We charged into the village like tigers, with a thirst for vengeance that nothing could baulk. Every man, woman, and child that crossed our path was slaughtered. Those who attempted to flee were bayoneted by our men rushing up from the opposite direction. A few crept into their miserable huts, into which we hurled the last embers of the fire, setting them in flames. Anyone who showed the least signs of life had his head knocked in with a rifle butt. We were determined that there should not be a single survivor.

In a few minutes the horrible scene was over, and we were on our way back to the post, bearing the last remains of our murdered comrades. It was a slow and toilsome return. The little bundle of bones that we carried was like lead on our spirits. No one spoke a word. Now that our thirst for vengeance was satiated, we white men, at least, could not shake off the horror of the massacre.

A little rustling in the underbrush attracted our attention to a native trying to escape in the dim morning light, but he was scarcely able to creep on his hands and knees, and we soon overtook him. Several rifles were raised to give him his *coup de grâce*. But I had had enough. I stopped our people and ordered them bring along the wounded fellow. Very reluctantly did two Malay soldiers lift him by the arms and drag him after us as a prisoner.

When we finally reached the post, weary and lacerated, the commander had the fellow examined. He related, in hesitating words, how his tribe was just holding a war dance, before attacking a neighboring tribe, when the two young officers arrived. Changing their plans, they quickly decided to kill these unexpected visitors, and to eat them instead of the neighbors they had designed to capture. Our comrades were already dead when the women brought their bodies to the village and carved them up, with the conventional ceremonies. The usual cannibal feast followed. Sentries had been posted, but, unable to resist the temptation of gnawing the last flesh from the bones of their victims, they had crept back into the village after the others had retired, and were themselves gorged and asleep when our party arrived.

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DETECTIVES IN FICTION[1]

A STUDY OF LITERARY FASHIONS

[This article was occasioned by the publication of *Crime and Detection*, with a foreword by E. M. Wrong, in the World's Classics series.]

It is, we are assured by the observant, to the complexity of modern life that we owe the increasing vogue of the detective story. The exponents of the particular form of science which deals with the subject claim that the minds of most people never really grow up, but remain at the happy age of twelve or fourteen. The adult mind wearied with the cares of business, and the immature mind still eager for tales of adventure, between them provide a vast public for the writer of detective stories; and, as a rule, he seasons his wares to the taste of one or the other. The mature brain will reject the slap-dash productions of the writer who relies too much for effect upon the *outré*, upon wholesale violence, or too obvious conclusion-jumping on the part of his hero. It has a palate for a fine bouquet of reasoning and deduction; its taste for mental relaxation is not so jaded as to require constant murder to excite and hold its curiosity. It can be content with vegetarian fare, and will relish a well-written salad of forgery, impersonation, insurance fraud, blackmail, or theft.

The mental Peter Pan, on the other hand, is inclined to be more carnivorous in his tastes. For him the corpse of loathly and splenetic millionaire, venerated nobleman, or beauteous damsel should decorate the carpet in the first chapter, with horrifying adjuncts of hot lead, cold steel, or colder poison, regardless of the fine sport which its owner might have made while still in health if in the charge of a writer of the Vegetarian, as opposed to the Carnivorous, School. It must not be denied, however, that a salad-monger who has won his spurs as such and collected a band of admirers by his skill in charming them with stories of handing over rogues to nothing worse than penal servitude can, if he suddenly turns man-eater, give them a very much finer thrill by unexpectedly hunting a man to the gallows than if he had already familiarized them with an unvarying diet of corpses at either end of his mysteries. It is to be regretted, therefore, that comparatively few authors practise this system of contrasting alternation, and that so many, yielding doubtless to the solicitations of publishers, create millionaires merely to massacre them, and follow up that process by providing their detectives and policemen with strange implements described as 'toothcombs' with which to separate the unwanted just from the wanted unjust.

But just as not all writers are carnivorous, so are not all publishers reprobate; and, indeed, it is to their enterprise and judgment that the present generation owes a debt of gratitude for reissuing in cheap editions the finer achievements of the Old Masters of this form of craft. In this way we can

[1] From the *Times Literary Supplement* (London literary weekly), *August* 12

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readily compare the technique of those who thrill us now with that of the men who kept our sires and grandsires awake till dawn with the prowess of heroes who landed each criminal fish in turn without the assistance of finger-prints or chemical reagents, telegraphic warnings over the official tape-machine to all police stations, wireless messages to shipmasters upon the high seas, photography, the telephone, or any means of locomotion more rapid than a hansom cab. It is, indeed, remarkable what those giants of old were able to accomplish with their almost unaided brains and eyes. The last of them was, perhaps, that charming Canadian creation, who as November Joe, the Detective of the Woods, brought an unrivaled mastery of venery and woodcraft to the assistance of the police of North America in clearing up the mystery surrounding crimes committed in the open air. Doubtless he perished in the war; and few there are among modern detectives who are at their best under the sky. Probably this is inevitable. In this town-bred age the average reader is better able to appreciate urban tracking amid the countless bolt holes and the myriad unobservant eyes of a metropolis than to follow the finesse of a man able to read a cold trail through a wood or across a moor. There are so many books on town work that with a little application and some personal practice and experience a writer can produce a reasonably convincing urban chase; but it needs much longer preparation to produce an effective essay in cross-country work which will satisfy the experts.

Mr. Austin Freeman, a Carnivorous writer who occasionally enjoys pleasant excursions into the investigation of Vegetarian crime, has, in Dr. Thorndyke, a detective who can track just as efficiently under the sky as under a ceiling. He is just as able as the most scientific American characters to make use of modern resources, but, unlike so many of them, he is neither overburdened by his equipment nor helpless without it. Sherlock Holmes, now in a well-earned retirement, used almost to boast that he had no use for knowledge other than that which would assist him in his profession. Mr. H. C. Bailey's Mr. Fortune, on the other hand, shares with Dr. Thorndyke the conviction that a successful modern detective, while he knows he can never be omniscient, should be as nearly so as it is possible to be. That, in itself, is a proof of the progress made in the profession since Holmes first put up his plate in Baker Street — even if he did so only metaphorically — nearly forty years ago and admitted Dr. Watson to a certain, rather limited, degree of confidence.

Since then great men have helped to make the career of a detective what it is to-day. Like that of journalist, it has risen wonderfully in self-confidence, and in the eyes both of the public and of the police. Holmes and Arthur Morrison's Martin Hewitt were tolerated, but no more, by the uniformed professionals; their successors have frequently been quite politely treated; and now Dr. Thorndyke is frequently retained for the Crown, — for he, unlike so many of his predecessors, can appear in court in wig and gown, — and Mr. Fortune is at least a semiofficial, and probably has a room, laboratory, and secretary of his own at Scotland Yard.

It is chiefly in America nowadays that we find in fiction that antagonism which it was once fashionable to assume in England between the private practitioner and the police. That probably arises from the fact that fiction almost always presents a policeman in the United States as overbearing, incompetent, needlessly suspicious, generally a torturer, and in most things quite

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careless of law, often dishonest, and not seldom a criminal himself. Naturally the atmosphere of bellowing and bullying, of flagrant illegality and corruption, with which so many writers in the United States surround the police in their fiction is unfavorable for the careful and conscientious detective work played according to our rules of cricket and hunting as adapted to crime; and a decent detective naturally keeps the police at arm's length, just as the unhappy relatives of the American corpse, or witnesses in the case, wish that the murderer had chosen them for his victims instead of leaving them exposed to the tender mercies of the arm of the law. It is probably because of her unwillingness to expose her creature, even a very little, to so uncongenial an atmosphere that Carolyn Wells usually introduces Fleming Stone at such a late stage in her stories, and makes him in consequence work at such high pressure to rescue the innocent from the verbal and physical buffetings of the official detectives.

In this country, under more favorable conditions due to that coöperation with the authorities on the part of the public which is characteristic of our authors and of the public for whom they write, there are several rising private practitioners, and it is even possible plausibly to present a police hero in a detective story. The creator of Inspector French undoubtedly made a mistake in first introducing him in his 'greatest case,' as any subsequent appearance can hardly fail to have a suggestion of anticlimax about it — a fate which the author of *Trent's Last Case* has escaped by making of his man, as it were, a *hapax legomenon*. Mr. Wallace, on the other hand, repeatedly introduces a brilliant and attractive young detective who stands high in the confidence of his superiors at Scotland Yard, but it is always under a different name. In this way the author is able to flavor his record of crime and detection with a love interest and to marry off his hero and heroine in nearly every volume. But it is rather like making an otherwise acceptable character commit bigamy, two or three times a year, under an alias — a proceeding reprehensible in the eyes of the public, and possibly dangerous even for an important official. Mr. Reeder, on the other hand, another of Mr. Wallace's creations, about whose first appearance there is some uncertainty, — owing to a careful confusion of names for the purpose of deceiving some rogues, — is rather a misogynist, who confines himself to his very efficient work and leaves philandering to the uniformed constabulary.

Among the unofficial practitioners who are making names for themselves are Mr. Lynn Brock's Colonel Gore, who has a pretty flair for outdoor tracking, and Mr. Landon's 'Grey Phantom,' who, like Arsène Lupin years ago, turns against the world of rogues in which he used to have his lawless being and has to work hard to clear himself of a carefully concocted accusation of murder, a crime which he very properly abhors. Mr. Strong, in recently presenting Professor Criddle to his readers, reverts to the eccentric type which was popular some years ago, when an exaggeration of the well-known mannerisms of Holmes was considered appropriate to a private investigator of crime. Somewhat of the same type was Mr. Herbert Jenkins's Malcolm Sage, a man who found it impossible to work with incompetent superiors but figured very efficiently in a number of remarkable adventures. Dr. Hailey, fortunately, still has his feet on the ladder of fame up which Mr. Antony Wynne is conducting him, in spite of a well-concealed tendency to obesity, which in no way militates against the nimbleness of his wits or his activity in the prosecution of his

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cases. The fact that Dr. Hailey is a physician shows that Mr. Wynne shares the opinion, now increasingly prevalent, that the modern detective should be provided with a medical training; for the murderers in stories of the Carnivorous School are usually exceedingly subtle in their methods, and are able to throw dust into the eyes of the laymen, no matter how observant he may be in general. It is indeed largely due to this modern requirement that the two men who are at the head of the profession are both physicians — Mr. Fortune and Dr. Thorndyke.

Of these two, Fortune is gifted with the ability to sense evil, and is frequently aided in his work by the intuition that such and such a state of affairs 'is all wrong' or that some character is 'not really a nice person'; but for all that, he is as careful over his evidence as anyone could wish, although he often comes to his conclusions a little ahead of it, so far as the reader is concerned, and produces it in a subsequent retrospect of the case. Thorndyke, on the other hand, is disinclined to rely on intuition, and, although happy in the possession of a rich vein of dry humor, and in no way eccentric, cannot compete in charm of conversation with Fortune, who is the wittiest detective who has yet appeared in fiction. Thorndyke, a grave and sober medico-legal practitioner and counsel, conforms with the early practice which demands that a detective, like a priest of old, be celibate; but Fortune gayly marries early in his career, and is nowise hampered by the possession of a wife, although it is possible that some enemy may in future strike at him through her.

That other shining light of the Intuitionist school, Mr. Chesterton's Father Brown, who is even more capable than Fortune of, as it were, 'smelling out' sin, is, as a priest, naturally unmarried. Thorndyke, however, by no means steers his course through loveless pages, as Mr. Freeman has devised a most ingenious scheme of harnessing a love interest to his plot without affecting the equanimity of his hero. By the same device he also overcomes another difficulty. Sherlock Holmes as a type caught the fancy of the public to such an extent that Sir Arthur Conan Doyle set a fashion in the presentation of detective stories through the medium of a companion to the hero whose intelligence and powers of observation were so nicely calculated as to give the reader a pleasing sense of slightly contemptuous superiority. The Watson who was the *fidus sed hebes Achates* of Holmes was supported in his task of setting a precedent in this usage by the rather more intelligent Brett who chronicled the achievements of Martin Hewitt; and the fashion became prevalent. It has its advantages. By allowing his reader to follow the working of his hero through the senses of a third party an author is able to give him something for his mind to chew upon. He thus keeps the reader more interested in the mechanism of detection than if he were to tell the story direct and run the risk of serving up a diet of predigested facts. Mr. Bailey is able to chronicle the achievements of Fortune directly, and is never insipid; but Fortune is not quite so interesting to follow while at work as Thorndyke. With the former the reader is like the man who waits outside the covert until the hounds come out in full cry. In the case of Thorndyke he is more in the position of the Master or hunt-servant who is able to watch and appreciate the nicety of his work through the covert as well.

Mr. Freeman, therefore, having decided to adopt the Watson system, improves upon it. The original Watson fell a prey to matrimony in 'The Sign of Four,' and was ever after quite as useless as Holmes himself as a partner

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in a love interest. Mr. Freeman, realizing the limitations thus imposed upon a single Watson, escapes from them with a masterly simplicity by putting his Watson into commission. His commissioners, like their chief, are physicians, or barristers, or both; and with an almost unfailing regularity one or another of them is sacrificed to Cupid while Thorndyke moves through each successive book heart-whole and unharmed. In this way Mr. Freeman cleverly enables Thorndyke to stand well both with those who hold that a detective should be celibate and with those who enjoy an additional thrill in a detective story by finding an appeal to the heart interwoven with that to the head.

In this matter of matrimony for detectives there is a difference of opinion; but, in deference to the older and, as many think, sounder tradition of celibacy, a detective benedick, although he may use up a whole book in catching her, seldom obtrudes his wife in any following volume. Mr. Bailey, who makes precedents, portrays Mr. Fortune as quite a ladies' man as well as a husband; and Mr. Bennet Copplestone provided his truculent, efficient, but hardly lovable Dawson with a wife who must have been sorely distressed by her lord's disguises and by some of the things which he considered it to be his duty to do while professionally engaged. Often, however, marriage is like retirement from business for a detective; and an enterprising young New Yorker of the name of Jones, who plainly had a great future before him half a generation ago, has never been heard of again since his wedding day — a fate predicted for him at the time by an interested reviewer.

If some authors clutter up their detectives with a love affair of their own when they ought to be busy elsewhere, more spoil their man's chances by saddling him with an impossible weight of irritating or clumsy dialogue which makes the poor fellow appear to be a prig, a vulgarian, or a propagandist. Mr. Chesterton at times provides the characters who associate with or impinge on Father Brown with such unusual opinions and philosophies that the reader is left with nothing but the certain faith that the little priest will make it all right in the end after behaving, en route, rather like those clever cartoonists who appear to draw a landscape or a face and then by turning it upside down or sideways show it to be a battleship or the representation of a Guildhall banquet. If some writers hamper their man by the ungainliness of their style, or by exciting his heart, others tend to cramp his style by serving up his adventures in so compressed a form as to give the reader but little opportunity to get the flavor of the case before he finds that it is finished. Mr. Foster is rather like this in his treatment of Ravenhill, a reporter-detective, who at least deserves as much space from his creator as that which his editor cannot fail to allow him. Given elbow room, Ravenhill may yet go far.

The detective story is a thing of comparatively recent growth, possibly because it is a matter of only a few generations since readers could be persuaded to allow their sentiment to support law and order and those who labored to uphold them, instead of as a matter of course taking the side of the picturesque and outlawed under-dog fighting against odds. In old times a detector was on a par with a delator and shared the obloquy reserved by schoolboys for sneaks, by the lower classes for 'narks' and 'noses,' and by others for spies, informers, and blackmailers. 'Detective,' as an adjective in the quasi-respectable society of the not yet popular New Police, dates back only fourscore years, and as a substantive

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has not yet reigned as long as Queen Victoria. The thief-taker of old, or his more efficient successor the Bow Street runner, is seldom the hero of a story; and the public, unless directly aggrieved, does not appear to have done much to help them against rogues. Consequently the detective story as we know it is a modern development and its technique is still in the making. That is fortunate, as for the best part of a generation there was a tendency to stereotype it on fixed and rather narrow lines.

Of late, however, there has been a move to introduce novel features, particularly in the direction of a break away from conventions which tended to hamper an author's freedom of action. Mr. Freeman, for example, will often give his readers an exciting prologue, a full story in itself, of how and why the crime is committed before unleashing Thorndyke to build it up again from its remains, like an archæologist engaged in reconstructing a forgotten civilization from the contents of a tomb or the foundations of a ruin. Or he will allow Thorndyke to make play with things like finger-prints or bloodhounds, which long enjoyed an almost sacrosanct prestige in the eyes of the public after Mark Twain's Puddenhead Wilson rescued a man from a lifetime of slavery on the strength of his thumb-marks recorded while in his cradle. Thorndyke shows how bloodhounds can be used to mislead the police, and how the ends of justice can be almost hopelessly defeated by the interested manipulation of finger-prints. Mr. Freeman does not disdain to allow Thorndyke to busy himself in exposing the harmless machinations of a jester in the case of Angelina Frood, and makes a very good story of it, capped as it is with one of those dramatic instances of an opponent's case being shattered in the moment of its triumph with a thunderbolt of evidence forged by Thorndyke with the assistance of the constant and invaluable Polton and the Watson-commissioner for the time being.

Further, Mr. Freeman and Mr. Bailey alike find it unsporting to keep their man in safety while he is engaged in pitting his wits against a hunted and presumably harassed criminal. It is all very well for a commander-in-chief to conduct his campaign from the reasonable security of a sheltered G. H. Q.; but a duelist should take equal risks with his opponent, and the wearing of secret armor is forbidden by the code of honor. A private detective is not exactly either the one or the other, but is more like a hunter of big game, who may be assisted by beaters or even ride upon an elephant in tolerable comfort, yet is likely at any moment to be called upon to provide for his own safety.

Thus there is a pleasing sense of hazard attaching to the careers of both Thorndyke and Fortune, as determined and well-planned attempts are made upon their lives and reputations. In such hands as those of Mr. Freeman and Mr. Bailey, whose delicacy of touch is rivaled only by the prowess of Thorndyke and Fortune, the English detective story has grown of late years into a very fine flower from the stock planted by Poe and grafted and watered so cunningly by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and Mr. Morrison.

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Science in Wonderland

Now that the old-fashioned camp meeting and medicine show have become things of the past we must fall back on scientists to startle our emotions and stretch our credulity to the breaking point. The meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science has been no disappointment in this respect. From the first day, when they elected as president that eminent investigator, the Prince of Wales, until Professor H. J. Fleure announced that bald men have more brains than hairy ones, the cause of Science has gone from strength to strength at such a rate that one wonders how Texas and Tennessee can hold out against such weighty evidence of man's place in the great Scheme of Things.

For instance, there is Dr. R. T. Gunther. He says that thyroid doses can alter the entire shape of a person's face, smoothing out brows that beetle and mouths that open too wide. This important news cannot fail to be of interest to such pundits as Jack Dempsey and other heroic victims to the new and doubtful art of plastic surgery. The pugilistic world will also be heartened to hear that the cave man is the noblest work of God. Professor J. Graham-Kerr points a finger of envy at the primitive savage who lived in a constant state of danger and won both bride and breakfast with skill at the club, keeping in good condition by dodging dinosaurs. The Professor does not go so far as to suggest that we should try to emulate our ancestor by all becoming traffic cops, but he endorses the cave-man cult as one of the few healthy signs of the times.

Professor Fleure was the most fantastic of all in his speculations. 'The growth of hair,' he stated, 'absorbs rather a large quantity of energy, and it is thought by physiologists that the thyroid secretion is closely associated with this growth. We shall therefore not go far wrong if we take it that with diminished hair growth the influence of the thyroid secretion has been liberated to exert itself elsewhere; and as we understand its relations with brain growth are also close, we may see in this an accessory factor of brain growth in man.'

He too cast homesick eyes at primitive life. One must go back thousands of years to understand the causes of the differences, such as they are, between man and modern woman. The man's activity in the hunt accounts for his superior stature, and strenuous exercise prolonged the period of his development to maturity. The 'subtle link' that exists between son and father and daughter and mother is accounted for by their common activities — the men's in the open, the women's in the home.

The distressing loss of hair from which the human race has so long suffered is not, says Professor Gunther, due to increased intelligence, but is the result of our ancestors' efforts to escape the danger of fire. Regions rich in oil and natural gas are said to have played their part in this process as long as three hundred thousand years ago. Sodom and Gomorrah were such places, and their wickedness was due to their being industrial centres. 'The smoke

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of the country went up as the smoke of a furnace.' Also to Professor Gunther we owe the startling reflection: 'How quickly a fashion of reducing the hair could come about in a fire-using community has been shown in the last year or two by our shingled women.'

No one who weighs this statement carefully can fail to agree, in substance at least, with the daring conclusion.

Austria's Greatest Poet

His name is Rainer Maria Rilke, he lives in Paris, and he writes in French. Paul Valéry hails him with the following terse apostrophe: 'Rilke, my dear Rilke, my imagination can only hear from within you the infinite monologue of an entirely isolated consciousness which cannot be distracted from itself and from its unique sentiments.' No wonder the insatiable interviewer Frédéric Lefèvre of *Les Nouvelles Littéraires* felt it would be worth meeting this disciple of 'interior living,' though the rendezvous took place in a Montmartre restaurant. One cannot every day in the year meet a man for whom, as his translator says, 'the interior world exists.'

Herr, or rather Monsieur, Rilke was born in 1875, in Prague. Slavic blood flows in his veins, which probably accounts for the ease with which he learns foreign languages. In 1900 he went to Moscow, discovered Dostoevskii, one of whose novels he translated into German, and visited Tolstoi. When he arrived at Yasnaia Poliana, the author of *War and Peace* plunged out of his front door shouting that he did not want any lunch, but preferred to walk in the forest. He turned to Rilke's astonished party and asked, 'Which do you choose — to go with me into the woods and the fields, or to eat here like a bunch of imbeciles with plates and tumblers?' For once Rilke disdained the interior life.

Rilke learned English simply in order to be able to read Browning in the original. It took him only a few months, and when his purpose was accomplished he abandoned his study 'of that tongue whose genius seemed to me so foreign that, once my curiosity was satisfied, I had forgotten it again completely within six months, and to-day I do not understand a single word.' French he found far more sympathetic to his taste, and German he liked less and less. His rage at his native speech rose to its most intense pitch when he discovered that it included no word for the palm of the hand. 'Think of it!' he exclaimed. 'What they consider is the *back* of the hand — that surface devoid of interest, without personality, sensuousness, or softness, that surface which is by preference the opposite of the cool, caressing, soft palm, which tells the whole mystery of the individual.' Yet even this did not quite turn him against German speech. It was not until he discovered the word *verger* (orchard) that he knew that such a soul as his could express itself only in the language of diplomacy.

During his talk with M. Lefèvre, Rilke described his intimacy with Rodin. 'Our relations,' he announced, 'were so entirely free and human that he completely ignored my work, though later I dedicated my collection of *Nouveaux Poèmes* to him.' Mme. Rodin, he said, used to be very jealous of her husband, though one can hardly imagine that she was much alarmed over his affection for Rilke.

The poet's best friend in France is Paul Valéry, of whom he tells this amusing story. Valéry had come to pay a visit, and the waggish *chef de gare*, seeing the initials 'P. V.' on his luggage, pretended to send them by *petite vitesse*.

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When the joke was discovered a hearty laugh was enjoyed by all.

Turkologists in Baku

THANKS to the Soviet authorities in Moscow, the plan, originated by Bolshevist brains, to have a Congress of Turks from all parts of the world has at last materialized. The first meeting took place in Baku, and was attended by 127 delegates, from Turkey, Russia, Persia, the Balkans, and Central Europe. They discussed Turkish linguistics, and brought to light a number of little-known facts about a vast people. It appears that of the thirty-five million Turks in the world more than half live in Russian territory and only eight million dwell in Turkey itself. Figures on such a subject are almost impossible to assemble, and even when any statement is made it is quite as likely as not to be false, however well intentioned the investigator may be. And since Bolshevist influence is at work here, we must be very chary indeed of drawing conclusions, for fear of being deported by Secretary Kellogg in person.

Yet it is hard to gainsay the usefulness of some of the material the Congress has assembled, and the interest of it all. For instance, it is probably not generally known that the Turkish language is written in fifty-seven varieties of alphabet, ranging from Mongolian, through Russian, Bulgarian, Arabic, Greek, and Turanian, right down into our own Roman characters. Dr. Theodor Menzel of Kiel, who attended the meeting, divides the Turkish speech into these seven general groups, basing his division on what he gleaned at Baku.

He enumerates them, briefly, as: (1) the almost completely dead ancient Turkish runes; (2) the non-Turkish Turkish, written in different alphabets, from Chinese to Greek; (3) the Russian-Turkish alphabet; (4) the Arabic alphabet; (5) and (6) the reformed Arabic alphabets; (7) the Roman alphabet.

The last-named is now being more and more widely used, and this change is considered quite as important as the fall of the Caliphate. An important delegate sums up the new Turkey in these words: 'If the Prophet hinders us on our road to progress, we declare ourselves independent of him; if Allah hinders us, we declare ourselves independent of him; in the same way, we cast off the supremely holy Arabic alphabet, if it hinders us.' Moscow may have builded better than it knew.

Zangwill

THE death of Israel Zangwill was followed by an amazing number of long and glowing tributes in the British press. T. P. O'Connor, who can always be depended upon for a reminiscence of anyone since the time of George IV, dwelt chiefly on the rise of this remarkable writer from the very humblest circumstances. He began life as a school-teacher, educating himself at the University of London. In 1888 his first book, *The Premier and the Painter*, was published, and in 1892 he made his first great success with *Children of the Ghetto*, written on an American commission, and intended to be a Jewish *Robert Elsmere*.

In his play, *The Melting Pot*, produced in the States in 1905, he tried to show how the racial feuds of Europe were obliterated in the New World. Always proud of his race, and eager to improve it, he wrote a series of historical studies called 'Dreamers of the Ghetto,' where he presented some of the great historical Jewish figures — Spinoza, Moses, Mendelssohn, Heine,

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Lassalle, and Disraeli. He also devoted much of his energies to trying to find a home to which oppressed Jews could move from Central Europe and take up a freer life. It was typical of his uncompromising idealism that the Zionist Movement since the war has not enlisted his support. Americans will remember him chiefly for his last visit to this country, when he told us all off in the most vigorous style. This attitude toward the United States chimes in with the story told of him during the war, when he was accused of being 'an alien Jew.' He replied, 'I am pure cockney.' And in his disapproval of our ways he certainly showed that he had more in common with a Rothermere than with his New York brothers under the skin.

The following description by T. P. gives a vivid picture of the man: —

> The nose was prominent, thin, long, outjutting; the hair, coal-black in youth, remained curly and abundant though turned to white in later years; the dark eyes had a little of the mysticism of the East with something of the reverie of the man of letters and of dreams; and the complexion was very dark. He might have been a rabbi; he might have been a traveling philosopher; he might have been a new prophet, bringing a new gospel to a Western people from the mystic meditativeness of the East. Anyhow, he never looked the least like your typical Briton, though he was very British, and sometimes could understand and portray the thoroughgoing Briton better than those to the manner born. One of the triumphs of his literary output was the picture of a household in which the sternest, narrowest, and most prosaic spirit of Nonconformity was depicted to the very life. But he remained a bit Eastern always. That massive head, those mobile lips, those dreamy eyes, always betrayed the man of reveries, of new ideals, and of the evangelistic spirit. The impression was increased by the slow, almost drawling, and detached speech. In short, Zangwill suggested the loneliness of a remote soul.

Zola and France

Detractors of Anatole France have been fond of accusing the Master of insincerity because of his complete reversal of opinion concerning Zola. Before the Dreyfus affair, in which the two writers came to the defense of the Jewish officer, Anatole France had written of Zola: 'His work is bad, and he is one of those miserable creatures of whom it can be said that it were better they had never been born. Nobody has ever misunderstood the ideals of men so completely.' After the affair, we find the same man whistling this very different refrain, when he was called upon to pronounce a discourse over Zola's remains: 'Zola was good. He had the candor and the simplicity of great souls. He was profoundly moral. This sincere realist was an ardent idealist.'

There are those who say that this change of heart was due to political rather than literary sympathies; and the work of the two men certainly bears out such an assumption. However, new evidence has been brought into court to show that France had begun to admire Zola before Dreyfus had become an issue at all. For one thing, we have the Master's own word for it; but what is more important is a passage in Mme. Pouquet's new Life of Mme. de Caillavet, with whom Anatole France was on terms of intimacy, to say the least. Here Anatole tells how certain people had tried to get him to use his influence to keep Zola out of the French Academy, for they needed the prestige of a literary man's name. 'For my part,' said M. France, 'I had no desire to be the one to keep out a man of talent.' Since this remark was made two years before Dreyfus's first condemnation, it is supposed to show that the charge of insincerity is unfounded.

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BOOKS ABROAD

The Incredulity of Father Brown, by G. K. Chesterton. London: Cassell; New York: Dodd, Mead and Company, 1926. $2.00.

[*Westminster Gazette*]

It is no use pretending to be unconventional. Everyone is relentlessly tarred by this brush, and when a man boasts his unconventionality one may be certain that he is hidebound by conventions.

It is for this reason that we attach conventions even to stories. A detective novel, for instance, should run in this way, a romance in that.

Now it is just as well to recognize that Mr. G. K. Chesterton will not play according to the rules. His essays, his romances, his poetry, his detective stories, are blatantly individual.

No further warning need be given the reader who takes up *The Incredulity of Father Brown.* In approaching a normal crime any properly constituted person cannot suppress an intense interest. He seems to revert to his childhood days, when horror at blood is not wholly sincere. A real murder would affect an adult differently; but in fiction the more wholesome red blood that is shed the better. In default of a murder an ingenious robbery is a fair substitute.

But a real crime — that is to say, a crime that somehow has its roots in our delightfully mysterious human nature — there must be, if there is to be a real detective story.

Now Father Brown was always a thoroughly Chestertonian detective; but the crimes that he dealt with in the *Innocence* and the *Wisdom* — the two earlier books — contrived to carry a little conviction. The crimes with which he deals in the latest collection of adventures are fundamentally unreal or unwholesome. If a man commits a murder it is because several books of Euclid are lost, or because it is Friday, or through disgust at the Mendelian theory of heredity. In short, these crimes are mad crimes; and who in the world is interested in bedlam?

Within limits, again, normal people demand that a crime should follow certain orthodox rules as to methods. No one objects to a certain, even exaggerated, amount of ingenuity. But should a secretary stab his principal with a dagger and then wait outside the door to give him time to get cold? Though there is, therefore, a pleasant anticipatory warmth of expectation at the opening of the story, 'The Arrow of Heaven,' with its vision of three murdered millionaires, hope dies down as the story proceeds. In fine, none of these crime stories is of any real interest to the reader because they are of no real interest to Mr. Chesterton.

He is in point of fact perpetrating that worst of all crimes, the crime which represents the unforgivable sin to children — he is out for his moral; and when a moral comes in by the window the story escapes up the chimney. When Father Brown says at the end of 'The Arrow of Heaven,' 'Take your wild justice or our dull legality; but in the name of Almighty God let there be an equal lawlessness or an equal law,' he rushes you quite suddenly, out of a dense mystification and a real irritation into something which has the bigness and splendor of the sun.

And so, in finding fault with these stories I suppose I am really finding fault with Mr. Chesterton's way of philosophizing at large. If he had sinned openly, in the light of day, I might have read him with more patience and pleasure. But as he has got my ear under false pretenses I object to him.

To be just, one ought to admit that he has been doing this all his days. All his bears are unicorns; all his fiends are philosophers; all his mysteries are masks. If you do not mind this sort of thing you will like his book.

The History of Spiritualism, by Arthur Conan Doyle. 2 vols. London: Cassell, 1926. 42*s.*

[Evelyn Underhill in the *Observer*]

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's literary gifts and known enthusiasms fit him in a peculiar degree to act as the historian of the spiritualistic movement. No one can doubt the sincerity of the craving out of which spiritualism arises; and few will deny that some at least of those astonishing phenomena which form the subject matter of 'psychical research' of the more serious sort are genuine, and as yet unexplained. Here the reasonable course would seem to be that to which the author invites us: to 'hold the balance between those who would believe nothing and those who would believe too much.' There *are* faculties in man, or at least in certain men, which we must continue to call abnormal because we have not yet succeeded in fitting them into the natural scheme. These cravings, these faculties, and

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these experiences, have been present throughout human history; and the differing names and interpretations which they have received cannot disguise their essential identity. Without resorting to more rudimentary stages of culture, the Old Testament is full of evidence that the phenomena now called mediumistic are no creations of the modern mind. There was no one at hand to weigh the Witch of Endor when her successful materialization of the prophet Samuel took place; but Sir Arthur's detailed accounts of the methods and peculiarities of various celebrated 'ectoplasmic' mediums are an indirect testimony to the historical character of that strange and picturesque episode in the career of the neurotic Saul.

And this old story may well serve as an illustration of the first point which must strike the detached reader of Sir Arthur's very frank, detailed, and deeply interesting record of the progress of necromancy and psychical research — two really independent systems of knowledge and experiment, which together form the material of 'spiritualism' — from Swedenborg's time to the present day. As it was the Witch of Endor who purported to summon the great spirit of the prophet from his place of rest, and never the prophet himself who sought such communications with the unknown, so history makes it plain that great spiritual personalities have been, of all human types, the least interested in problems concerning the after life, and the least inclined toward experiments in spiritualism. It is true that Sir Arthur quotes, but mercifully refrains from developing, an opinion to the effect that the visions of Saint Teresa were spiritualistic experiences. It is also true that the lives of the saints suggest that there is a real connection, which as yet we do not understand, between sanctity and certain kinds of psychic abnormality, and that these lives also provide numerous and striking examples of spontaneous post-mortem appearances — for example, the remarkable accounts of the appearance of Meister Eckhart to his pupil Suso, and of Saint Anthony of Padua to his friend the Abbot of Vercelli. Yet in spite of this it is surely not too severe to say that truly spiritual minds have seldom been spiritualistic; and that the 'high teachings' obtained through mediumistic channels at once betray their shoddiness when compared with the utterances of the saints. It is not from those saints whom their contemporaries have felt to be most fit for Heaven that our most realistic accounts of the after life have come. And when we read these accounts — given by Sir Arthur with a fullness that seems almost indiscreet — we know the reason why.

It was, I think, the late A. C. Benson who told the story of a soul who arrived in the next world and, there finding all the more pleasant features of his earthly life reproduced without their accompanying responsibilities, observed from the cosy depths of a supersensual armchair, 'I had no idea that Heaven was so comfortable!' Whereto another shade tersely replied: '*It is n't!*' But the spiritualistic Heaven, as conceived or apprehended by numerous comfort-loving minds, is essentially comfortable. It suggests the outer suburbs rather than the Holy City; and would easily be recognized by a theologian of Dantesque leanings as possessing all the characteristics of Limbo and none of those of Paradise. It says much for the author's candor and docility to facts that he has been willing to put these distressing records before us. To many readers they will seem to drive home the conclusion that the phenomena of spiritualism are destined, under critical investigation, to tell us much about human personality, but not very much about its supernatural home.

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BOOKS MENTIONED

Crime and Detection. With a Foreword by E. M. Wrong. New York: Oxford University Press, 1926. 80c.

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OUR OWN BOOKSHELF

Sorrell and Son, by Warwick Deeping. New York: A. Knopf, 1926. $2.50.

Sorrell and Son presents an essentially English picture — and very nearly an ideal one — of the relationship between a perfect parent and a perfect son. This is not to say that either the man or the boy is a faultless character: each is a fine human type, ennobled by suffering and hardship; but the devotion, understanding, and confidence between them is of a sort so rare as to seem almost too good to be true. The blending of ultra-modernity in many of the characters and their points of view with an old-fashioned idealism of sentiment is the quality that most distinguishes this novel — a combination that ensures interested readers, both old and young.

The story describes the mastering of his fate by a man whom circumstance, war, and an unhappy marriage did their best to crush. The triumphant fulfillment of his dual rôle of father and mother to his adored son is the motif of a story of struggle and vicissitude, of failure and success, which holds one's attention through four hundred pages.

Perhaps one feels, in the complete at-one-ness of this wonderful son of a more wonderful father, a little too much the element of propaganda for better domestic relations. The tolerance, not to say sympathy, of the older man for every phase of youth's rebellion against code, convention, tradition, and accepted ethical standards quite takes one's breath away, and is presented a little too deliberately, too intentionally, to ring quite true. But if Warwick Deeping has been able to write an interesting and thoroughly modern novel that is also a lesson to fathers and sons, it is for members of both generations to swallow the pill and marvel at the efficacy of the sugar-coating.

Joan of Arc, by Joseph Delteil. Translated by Malcolm Cowley. New York: Minton Balch and Company, 1926.

READ the Preface last. Read first the translator's Introduction. It places Delteil in his surroundings. A fresh tide flows out of France into Paris. The Gallic air, compact of intellect, is charged with storm. A panorama which wearied our attention, it was so unchangingly the same, is about to undergo an equinox. The change has taken place. Even for those who never have read Delteil it has come. For them the Preface is indecipherable. Whatever sense they could make of it is hind side foremost. It seems to be nineteenth century, but it is a different language — twentieth century.

Love of wisdom was pent in the concept of logic, and love of man in the concept of glory. These two arbitrated an elegance whose virtues were not admirable when their shortcomings became banal. These spooks enchanted the French nation. Always mistaken for a reptile, it was, rather, crustaceous. Not so much a frog as a flea. It nipped. It leapt.

Necromancers raped the blind human, shut from light. Idolaters prophesied a synthetic soul. Neurasthenic Joan, accompanied by patriotic Joan, her counterpart, gave pleasure to those who found Renan's Jesus more credible than Jesus. It seems sad, when the Church was brought to sanctify her name. Do not be disheartened, now you are confronted by neither witch, only the saint, the saint alone. Learn what creature a saint is. O rare chance, surrounded as we are by men rapt before machines, to be reminded what is man!

'Every poet is a brand-new phenomenon.' This idea from the storehouse of scholasticism, under the label 'Angels,' is well brought forth in the Introduction. Delteil is a new Michael. Some are aware that his ambition to be earnest is not strong enough to preserve him from frequent affectation and vulgarity. They are not so aware that he who debased the natural in explaining away the miraculous obscured all. The new Michael raises up a new Joan to confound those who hate her. She tells the cowardly, the cerebral, the salacious, the patriotic, the religiose, the psychological, what man is. And it becomes clear that much has passed away. One need no longer beat dead horses. In ten sentences the Preface shows it is possible in our age, as in all ages, for those who wish, to have humility, simplicity, and wisdom. Delteil does this in a good way — by act.

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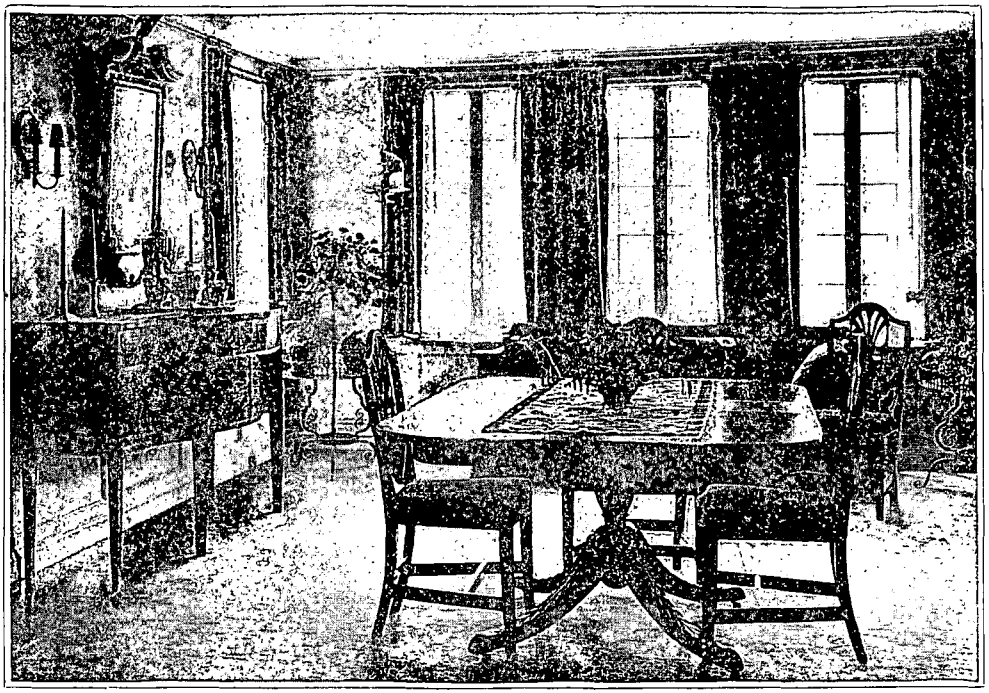

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